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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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The Spirit of the South.

GEN. WALKER—NICARAGUA.

From The Charleston Standard.

We have come to another phase in the fortunes of Gen. Walker on the field of Nicaragua. The tide which rolled him onward is receding, and while lately he was the dictator of the country, he is now a fugitive from her capital which he has left in ashes. How this will terminate, is, of course, uncertain. We believe, however, that he will sustain himself. Of his daring and capacity none can doubt; he will be assisted by the restless spirit of this country; he will be sustained by the army of Cuban liberators who look upon that country as perhaps the only *point d'apput* they may ever have from which to act upon that island; he will find support in the vested interests of the country, which will look for at least a stable government, and among people so distracted, it can hardly be doubted but that he will be able to play one party and ultimately one State against another; and while, therefore, he is now doubtless in greatly straightened circumstances, if his life is spared, he will, in every reasonable probability, hold on to the next flood of fortune, and land firmly in the seat of power.

What interest have we in the success of Walker? That is a most important question. Slavery will be established—the slave trade legitimated, doubtless, and to that extent he will present a republic in a condition to assimilate to the South. But it is doubtful whether Nicaragua will ever be a republic in the sense in which that term is applied to the States of this Confederacy. He will take the government with the assistance of a portion of the inhabitants of Nicaragua, but he will be compelled to hold it in virtue of the strength of his followers. He can never venture to permit his power and the interests of his people to become dependent upon the results of a popular election. In some form or other he must consolidate immediately under him a force sufficient of itself to support his government; and the military conquests of modern Europe have afforded the prototype of that organization he will be compelled to adopt; and under whatever name it may be called he will be constrained to reinaugurate the feudal system.

Under such circumstances, it will, of course, be impossible for his State to become a member of the present Republic of the United States. The Constitution would exclude it, even if the States themselves were willing for such association; but if willing, it is hardly probable that he would ever seek a union. The conditon of the present slaveholding States, in union with the States of the North, is not so inviting as that he should wish to share it. It will be enough that he should be reprobated by the external world without soliciting a farther reprobation from a home government. It is doubted whether as a slave State Nicaragua can ever stand in a condition of political independence; but that is, of all apprehensions, the most visionary. The United States will protect it against England and France; England and France against the United States. Russia and Turkey have slaves, and can wage no war on that account; Portugal has not yet, we believe, abandoned the slave trade; Brazil would be side by side with it in the same policy; all the world, the North as well as England and Continental Europe, will be interested in raising up a rival in the South in the production of cotton; and it is nearly certain, therefore, that if the power of Walker shall be established, Nicaragua will become another sovereign and independent slaveholding State—and what then?

There will be strength and moral support to the institution of domestic slavery; there will be the more perfect cultivation of a large tract of most productive territory; there will be a higher civilization and more extensive improvements upon the Isthmus—the connecting link between North and South America; between the Atlantic and Pacific shores of this Continent, and between Europe on the East, and Asia on the West—and, in virtue of this grand commercial position, there will, doubtless, be, in time, one of the largest emporiums in the world. Such are the probable conditions—how will they affect us? It may strengthen the slavery sentiment of the Southern States, and it may give a larger commerce to Southern cities; it may tend to draw the centres of commercial and political gravity nearer to the tropics—but will it strengthen slavery in the Southern States? That may be doubted. Mr. Soule, as it is stated, has already invested to the extent of $50,000 in the lands of Nicaragua; perhaps one hundred others have done the same. There is, in a sense of insecurity, much to depress the moral character and aspirations of a people. We cannot but be conscious that the North, with the control of government, is bearing down upon the South, and that our policy has to be shaped, not as it may suit us, but as it may please them. Under these circumstances, it may be doubted whether the enterprise of the South may not seek the nearer road to independence; whether capital and labour may not be drawn off there; and whether we may not be left with a still diminished number to wage a contest for security within this government. It may well be questioned, therefore, whether the South, whatever be her feelings, can have any motive of exultation in the success of the Anglo-American arms in Nicaragua.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —DANGER OF ABOLITION.

Correspondence of The New Orleans Delta.

WASHINGTON, December 5, 1856.

Slavery in the District of Columbia will soon cease to be a bone of contention between the North and the South. It is rapidly approaching abolition without legislative action. Indeed, it is doubtful that the emancipators would exchange their underground railroad system for free legislation on the subject. There are, at this moment, not less than twelve thousand free negroes in this District; an entire fifth part, perhaps, of the whole population. Thirty years ago, their number did not much exceed four thousand; while, as to the slaves, thirty years ago, they numbered over six thousand, but now they fall short of three thousand, and about one thousand only of them are males. Why is this? This district is, not very inaptly, called the "Negro's Paradise." The laws are not severe, and they find an abundance of *odd jobs* and *stealings;* and notwithstanding the prejudices and jealousies with which they are regarded by the labouring whites, nobody disturbs them, and they flourish like a green bay tree. The laws of our cities are pretty rigorous towards emigrant negroes, but are seldom enforced. The resident free negroes are more anxious to enforce the laws against non-resident negroes than any other class of persons, wishing to monopolize all the advantages in their power. They have quite a number of schools, and some *white* teachers. Most of the branches of education taught in white schools are taught in these. In religion, they are almost exclusively of three sects—Methodist, Baptist and Catholic. There is one Presbyterian Church among them, the pastor of which, a coloured man, recently died.

He was a well-educated man, quite eloquent, and highly respected by all who knew him. The Sunday schools of these coloured people are very creditable. As to the slaves, their decrease may be accounted for in this way—quite a number purchase their freedom, and many more run away. The running away of one generally causes the immediate sale of all his fellow-slaves. The drain being thus both North and South, continually produces a rapid diminution. A few weeks ago, a half dozen or more most valuable servants disappeared in one night from three or four masters and mistresses in the circle of my acquaintance. This caused the sale of a larger number than ran away. By these means, the District of Columbia will soon be a free district; and, being produced without the action of the Federal Legislature, the South will care nothing about it.

Many of our citizens are too dull of apprehension to perceive why persons remote from us should feel more deeply interested in our domestic concerns than we do ourselves. Why, say they, should the people of the North complain of our holding slaves, or the people of the South complain should we deem it expedient to abolish slavery? Neither the one nor the other has a right to meddle with the question of slavery in the District of Columbia. The true democratic principle is, that every people shall be permitted to regulate their own domestic institutions as they think it right and proper, and they claim the privilege for the people of the District of Columbia. They have never, as a people, asked Congress to abolish slavery in this District, and, probably, they never will. Of this the North has no right to complain. But should it, in their opinion, be best for the District, the South would have no more right to complain of their asking for the abolition of slavery here, and obtaining authority for effecting it, than we would to complain of Louisiana or Texas, should their people choose to abolish slavery. But these people, manifestly, do not understand the question, and as your readers need nothing from me to enlighten them concerning it, I leave it with the foregoing, simply to give them an idea of the light in which it is viewed in the District itself.

Selections.

THE SLAVE STATES.

A correspondent of the (London) *Daily News*, travelling in the Southern States of America, writes from Selma, Alabama, Nov. 18, that at Norfolk, in Virginia, he for the first time lighted on a gang of slaves going South in custody of a regular trader. Maryland is one of the great slave-breeding States of the Union, and supplies yearly a large quota of bone and sinew which gather in the harvests of Louisiana and Mississippi. Her contribution on this occasion was composed wholly of lads and girls from fourteen to twenty years of age, well clad, and apparently well fed. They sat in a circle all the evening in the middle of the main deck, under the dim light of a lamp swinging from the ceiling, their arms round one another's waists, some of the younger ones sleeping with their heads on their elders' knees, the majority singing snatches of Methodist hymns. They were seldom able to get out more than one or two lines of the words, but this never caused any stop in the music. The leader put in the first thing that came into his head, and the others followed up the strain. Thus the line

We are passing away like a long Summer's day

would be followed by—

I took my broder by de hand,
And led him to de promised land.

Groups of white men surrounded them, discussing their points in connection with the markets and politics; and the slaves did n't seem to feel in the least abashed by their scrutiny, or affected by their own situation, though it would be hard to imagine a cloudier future than that of a boy or girl just entering life in the hands of a negro dealer bound South.

From this point white servants or waiters were no more to be seen. "Niggers everywhere, niggers of all shades and all varieties, sulky-looking niggers, ferocious-looking niggers, merry niggers, sad niggers, niggers bright with intelligence, niggers steeped in supidity, niggers horribly ugly, niggers barely endurable, but all cowed, submissive and attentive. Their humility was the more striking from its contrast with the independent bearing of the whites, the perfect equality which seems to reign between all who have no negro blood in their veins. In Virginia and North and South Carolina, I was in what is popularly supposed to be the aristocratic region of the American Union. Here, the Southern papers assure us, are to be found the American 'gentlemen' *par excellence* as distinguished from the Northern *roturiers*, the 'small-fisted farmers and greasy mechanics' of Massachusetts and Connecticut, whom 'free society' is scornfully described as producing in abundance. I am giving my impressions, of course, only of the surface of society, and only of that portion of its surface with which one comes in contact in railways and steamboats; but the fact is that, at least to the traveller on the wing, the aristocratic element in the population is nowhere visible. From Baltimore to Montgomery, in this State, in no species of conveyance did I meet with more than two persons who, judging from dress, manners, and conversation, would in England be called 'gentlemen.' I confine this observation specially to the slave region. It is not true of New England. There may be a hundred and one reasons, every one of them a good one, why my experience has been peculiarly unfortunate, but my fellow-passengers from Baltimore southward bore no manner of resemblance to anything which the loosest and wildest radical in the Old World would call 'gentlemanly.' They were dirty, *de toute maniere*. They were shabbily dressed; they chewed tobacco, and spat its juice in showers; they talked slang; they seemed never to have washed any portion of their persons in their lives. In South Carolina, the chosen home of chivalry, I sat in a carriage in which the mud formed by years of dust and oceans of saliva was three inches deep on the floor, in company with men into whose presence most English ladies would be afraid to venture. I sat at breakfast and dinner side by side with individuals who, whatever their other qualities, had certainly no more claims to gentility than chimney-sweeps or cab-drivers; and we were waited on with a deference and assiduity which our English Johns would do well to imitate, by negroes, who certainly, in all the endowments which give men social standing in an aristocratic country, save birth alone, seemed to me to be just as good company, and a vast deal more entertaining, than those they served. The aristocracy of race, I think, never appeared under a more ludicrous aspect. I draw no conclusions from this in any way derogatory to the general character of the people, as compared with those of any other country. But I must say that I do feel warranted in drawing from it the conclusion that the 'gentility' argument, on which the Southern press has placed great stress in its defence of slavery, is a silly delusion."

The same correspondent observes that it is curious to see how the passion for dress and above all for French fashions in it, has penetrated to every nook and corner of the country. "I am staying in an 'hotel' in which all the chairs are made of deal; in which there is an average of three beds in every cold, bare, whitewashed room; in which I am waited upon by filthy negroes; in which my looking-glass is nailed to the wall, and is only four inches square. Two-thirds of the men of the little town board in it, and before each meal wash in two tin basins, and arrange their hair at a glass in the hall with the same comb and brush, suspended therefrom by a stout cord. How they 'board' may be guessed from the fact that I sat down at breakfast this morning, at seven o'clock, with sixty 'gentlemen,' and that within ten minutes of the ringing of the bell, by my watch, there was not a soul at table but myself and two others. All had eaten and gone. There was not a single clean shirt to be seen amongst the whole party, and yet every one of them wore a black, shabby coat, of Parisian cut, and the thinnest and lightest boots that could possibly be got to hold together. Our 'parlour' is exactly like a ward in the hospital at Scutari. The furniture consists of deal chairs, except the rocking chair; and its carpet appears to have been manufactured about the time of the revolution. All its colours have disappeared under the influence of tobacco-juice. We are lighted in it by one candle of diminutive proportions, which, with the assistance of the whitewashed walls, just makes the darkness visible. The house is just such a one as you would expect to see tenanted by burley farmers in top-boots and corduroy; in which one would look for coarse cloth and thick soles; in which most Englishmen would think a decent shooting coat rather out of place. But such is the passion here for foreign fashions that every one in and about it, with his threadbare black, his doubtful linen, his patched unbrushed Paris boots, wears the appearance of a strolling actor out of employment. The ladies of the house come down in the evening attired in all the hues of the rainbow, and sit in the parlour, after dinner, in melancholy grandeur, in the uncertain light of the solitary luminary of the place. The men smoke and spit in the bar, and the niggers lounge in the passage. Every one seems trying to avoid everything in the matter of costume which would be in the least degree suitable to an active life in a half-settled region in the heart of a forest-covered continent."

HOW FREE-STATE MEN ARE MADE.

A BUCHANAN EDITOR EXPELLED FROM LOUISIANA.

We gave last week an account of how a Michigan man was driven out of Alabama for avowing his preference for Fremont. A day or two later we were called upon to describe the murder of Mr. Sacia, a Montgomery County man, in Mississippi, for the same cause. Following this came the announcement of the sale of Mr. Underwood's property, he having been driven from Virginia for attending a Republican Convention. And now we find, in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, the fourth of these outrages published within a fortnight. In this case a prominent supporter of Mr. Buchanan was the victim, and, we need hardly say, has been made by it a convert to free principles. The *Gazette* relates the story thus:

"A little more than a year ago, Mr. George Crane was among the most active and enthusiastic young members of the Administration party in this city. He was a lawyer of considerable energy and talent, and a firm adherent of the doctrines of the latter-day Democracy, as expounded by Pierce, Douglas and Company. 'Squatter sovereignty' he revered as *the* great discovery of the age, and for the Republican party, with its 'extreme tendencies,' its 'agitation,' and its 'narrow-mindedness,' he had but a slight portion of that charity which covers a multitude of sins. His name was a prominent one before the Democratic Convention in the Fall of 1856, which selected candidates for the Legislature; and, though he fell short of a nomination, he received a handsome number of votes.

"A few months later, he turned his face towards the sunny South; and the next that was heard of him, he was editing a Democratic paper in an interior town of Louisiana. Here everything went on swimmingly for a time. Mr. Crane took an active part in politics, dealt vigorous blows right and left upon 'the enemies of the Union, and the institutions of the South,' and attempted the somewhat arduous feat of showing the identity of the Democracy taught by Jefferson with that carried out by Pierce. Mr. Crane naturally grew immensely popular in the region he had selected for a home; and 'the gifted young apostle of the Democracy,' as our Administration contemporaries are wont to style their stump orators, seemed to be riding the topmost wave of that tide which leads on to fortune.

"In an evil hour, however, Mr. Crane made a fatal mistake. It proved impossible for one who had moved so long in an atmosphere of free thought and free speech, to school his tongue to 'the average prejudice of mankind,' as it exists in Louisiana. In a rash moment he had the temerity (not in his paper, but in private conversation) to express the opinion that, without reference to any outside questions, but simply so far as her own interests are concerned, it would be better for Kansas to become a free than a slave State! From that hour, Mr. Crane's cake was dough. The fact that a Democratic editor—a party fugleman—had fulminated such an outrageous heresy, fell upon the community like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. The news spread like the pestilence that walketh in darkness. The country was in danger, the Union was assailed, the unterrified Democracy was unterrified no longer! An indignation meeting was called, and in that peculiarly graceful and significant manner in which such affairs are invariably conducted, Mr. Crane was warned to leave the country.

"Having no ambition for a more pressing invitation, he left. He is now on his way to Kansas, where he proposes to settle, and to show that his brief experience has at least served to point a moral, he is one of the most ardent, and, we venture to predict, will be one of the most untiring advocates of free Kansas to be found in the Territory."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE BANISHED MOBILE BOOKSELLER.

From The New York Journal of Commerce.

MILWAUKEE (Wisconsin), Dec. 26, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: A friend in New York has sent to me an extract from your paper, being the communication of Mr. W. J. Heiller, of Memphis, Tenn., regarding my expulsion from Mobile, dated Dec. 10, 1856.

Your well-known reputation to do justice to all in your columns, induces me to believe that you will permit this notice of his article to have the same publicity.

Mr. Heiller says: "It has been authoritatively stated that he (Strickland) sold 'Fred Douglass's Life' to slaves—in many instances."

This charge is entirely new to me, and I am extremely desirous to know on *what* authority he makes the statement.

The only charges brought against me are those made by the "Mobile Vigilance Committee," who, after the careful and rigid examination (among them are my most bitter personal enemies) of my stock, inventories, correspondence and invoices, charge, that my firm sold to Dr. Cragin, who was acting under the instructions of Mr. Hawthorne, one of the Committee, two copies of "Fred Douglass," and to Mr. Woodcock one copy of the "Autographs of Freedom," and that I ordered (not sold) fifty copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

No responsible person in Mobile, to my knowledge, has pretended to say that we sold or distributed any books or anything else to *slaves*.

I *was* driven from Mobile, for selling those three books; and I defy any one to substantiate any other fault against me.

Mr. Babcock, our book salesman, has made affidavit that no other books (except the current fiction of the day) or documents of any other kind, of a character improper to be circulated in the South, were in our stock. The two copies of "Fred Douglass" were ordered by him, because gentlemen had inquired for them. They were never offered for sale, and were purchased from us as stated above.

The one copy of the other book, as shown by our inventories, was in our stock previous to July, 1854. How it came there, I have not been able to ascertain. It was probably bought with some lot of books.

So many of our planters and other customers begged us to procure for them a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that, after the three shilling edition was published, I ordered fifty copies of it (as discovered from our invoices by the Committee), and presented or sent them, as opportunity offered. We never sold a copy of the book, unless it was done contrary to my instructions, nor did we ever knowingly circulate anything which the South could condemn.

The extreme injustice of their tyrannous conduct towards me has not in the least abated.

Dr. Nott lately attacked me through the columns of the Mobile newspapers, and they have refused to print my reply to him, *even as an advertisement*. Some of the press proprietors declared candidly to my wife, that they "dare not print anything in my favour." I am now making an effort to have it distributed there in the form of a handbill.

I inclose a copy of it to you, and shall feel much, very much obliged to you, if you will permit me the use of your valuable columns to bring it before the public.

I also inclose a copy of my "statement to the Mobile public," not one word of which has been contradicted.

Yours truly, WILLIAM STRICKLAND.

REVIVAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The London Times, Dec. 19.

The discussion upon the policy of reviving the slave trade—we are not speaking of slavery as it exists in the United States—is a false move upon the part of the Southern leaders. We are not about to reopen the question of principles, but simply to say a few plain words upon plain facts. As long as the "peculiar institution" is confined to the limits of the States, it is beyond the jurisdiction of other nations. We have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the matter. We may, indeed, by the tongues of our public speakers and by the pens of our public writers contribute our quota to the general opinion of mankind upon the subject, but we freely admit that we have no more right to enforce our views upon North American slaveholders than they have to bid us reenact our Corn laws or repeal our Reform bill.

The question of slavery, as it stands, is purely a municipal one, and we have no direct concern with the municipal institutions of a friendly, or, indeed, of any other, power. The whole aspect of the question, however, is changed the moment we come upon a propagandism for the revival of the slave trade. As soon as that is attempted, we find ourselves in presence of a host of treaties which have received the sanction of well nigh every civilized nation, and which certainly cannot be violated without the contingency of a general war. Nothing could be more remote from our intention than the suggestion of a threat, for we are well aware that between two powerful nations threats are simply ridiculous; we are speaking merely of facts.

If every British statesman, and every British thinker or writer whose thoughts and writings usually carry weight with his fellow-countrymen, were to use their utmost exertions to stem the current of public opinion—call it public prejudice, if you will—upon this point, the consequence would be the loss of authority, without other result. There are some few things which they can accomplish, many which they cannot, and one of these many points on which any endeavour adverse to public opinion would infallibly break down is *the revival of the slave trade*. We are very confident that in such a case no compromise would be listened to for a moment. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the British empire would be content to risk their last ship and their last shilling upon the enforcement of the abolition. The same feeling, we are sure, affects the minds, and would sway the conduct, of the great mass of Europeans, whatever their nation or language may be.

The revival of the slave trade, then, would mean a war of principle—a war of religion between the slave-trading States of the North American Union and mankind. Even so we have omitted all mention of another main difficulty of their position. Not only would they find against them the hand of every civilized man not a citizen of the North American Union, but in the States themselves they would be in the minority. The South, as yet, has held its own against the North, because the Southern leaders have been far superior to their adversaries in energy, in statesmanship, and, above all, in union.

It is, however, notorious that the Northern States, in which not merely the slave trade, but slavery as a domestic institution, is held to be a sin and an outrage upon human nature, leave their Southern compeers far behind both in power, in wealth, and in the faculty of development. Now, making every allowance for the intensity of patriotism in the North American Union, is it probable that the Northern States would heartily back up their Southern brethren in a crusade against mankind, and in a cause which they themselves hold to be accursed?

We will not do more than add, as a touch to this cheerless picture, the possible and probable contingencies of a servile war. When the larger half of the States and all the civilized nations of the world were espousing the cause of the negro, it is not very likely that the 3,000,000 negroes now held in bondage to the southward of the black equator would not sooner or later make their way upon the scene in an unpleasant manner. Again, one of the strongest reasons which are urged in favour of their views by the most active members of this new propaganda is that the demand for cotton is increasing, while the supply is nearly stationary, and that the sluggishness of production depends upon the deficiency of labour.

We have no hesitation in saying that the effect of the slave trade propagandism, if it ever should attain higher proportions than those of an electioneering move, would ultimately be to throw the cotton grounds of the United States out of the market altogether. As soon as it was known that the slave-traders were in earnest, such exertions would be used to procure cotton from other quarters that the article would infallibly be obtained. The thing has never yet been seriously tried; but, given the motive, the result would soon follow. We should not shrink from any transitory inconvenience, however serious that inconvenience might be. We should be compelled to incur grievous losses, and to submit to heavy misfortunes; but we have done so before in the same cause, and to-morrow would do so again.

It is our earnest wish that what we have written may be taken as a friendly warning, for we are grieved to see the leaders of the Southern States entering upon so false a course. We believe them, as regards the treatment of their slaves, to have, as a body, suffered much from exaggeration and calumny. They are, moreover, in so perplexing a position that not even those who rail the loudest against them can suggest any feasible method of getting out of the difficulty. We have never yet heard the magical word "compensation" pronounced by the most fervent Abolitionist of the Northern States. We shall think the better of their sincerity when we find them proposing a federal tax for raising the funds necessary for buying up the negroes at their present market value. What we have said, then, is not said in any unfriendly spirit to the Southern planters. Let them, however, take care that their present difficulty does not become perplexed tenfold by the ventilation of so wild a project as a revival of the African slave trade. It can scarcely be sound policy, now that their domestic opponents are so formidable, to hurl a gauntlet in the face of Europe, and to set the feelings and opinions of humanity at open defiance.

PROGRESS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

The assault on Mr. Sumner and the events in Kansas have proved powerful stimulants to the true anti-slavery conversion of the English people. Whatever their apathy before, they are now forced to see not only that a slaveholding people cannot be a free people, but that a nation can never be powerful, happy, and united while ruled by a compact oligarchy of slaveholders, whose policy is necessarily hostile to free speech, a free press, free labour, free education, and all other essential constituents of a free community. Every Englishman now knows that liberty and slavery are waging an internecine war in the United States; that the truce between them, which American statesmen have vainly attempted to maintain, is no longer possible; and that one or the other must succumb. We have heard of an American traveller who complained that while in England he had only met with one gentleman. When asked to explain, he said that that one had never talked to him about slavery. Accepting this definition, we think we may safely promise our future American visitors that they will look in vain through the three kingdoms for a single gentleman. In all the leading reviews, magazines and journals of any importance, this subject has been so fully and so ably discussed, that no one of any ordinary intelligence is ignorant of how matters stand in the United States, and that there are but three courses possible, viz.: first, the free States must compel the abolition of slavery; or, second, the slave States must abolish liberty; or, third, which we think the easiest and the most probable alternative, the free States must withdraw from the South, and form a powerful, vigorous and real union amongst themselves, the very existence of which would compel the abolition of slavery at an early day; since it is not only evident in the very nature of things, but it has been repeatedly admitted by the slaveholders themselves in their sober moments, that the only hope for the permanence of their very "peculiar institution" lies in the guarantee which the free States give them to maintain it so long as the Federal Union continues. Now, would it not be a good thing for the Abolitionists to offer a prize for the best essay to show how the present Union between the North and the South may coexist along with the maintenance of the rights of the South to her slaves, and of the North to her undiminished liberties? In our humble opinion, to establish this point would be as pretty a puzzle as ever perplexed the ancient Schoolmen.—*Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT.

From The National Era.

We suppose it will not be denied that among the voters for Mr. Buchanan, at the late election, were many persons sincerely opposed to the extension of slavery, and who were induced to sustain him under the impression that his Administration would rather favour than counteract the policy of making Kansas a free State.

A gentleman, well-versed in the politics of Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, distinctly stated to us that, to his knowledge, some of the representative men of the Quakers voted for Mr. Buchanan. Such men have their followers; could they have taken Mr. Buchanan on trust, or had they opportunities for conferring with him?

We know, personally, respectable men, indignant at the course of things in Kansas, revolted at the idea of extending slavery, who yet voted for Mr. Buchanan, under the delusion that he would not give any encouragement to the Propagandists.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that Mr. Groesbeck, elected to Congress by the Democrats of the second Ohio district, has pledged himself to vote to make Kansas a free State. Such is the position of Mr. Hickman, a Buchanan member of Congress elected from Pennsylvania, if not that of others of his associates. In the 12th district, New York, Mr. Chamberlain, Democratic candidate, in his letter of acceptance, says:

"By reference to the proceedings of the Convention which nominated me, I discover that allusion was made to the subject of slavery, and I gladly avail myself of this occasion to say that I am now, and always have been, earnestly opposed to the extension of the institution of slavery."

The editor of the *Independent* (N. H.) *Democrat*, says:

"Thousands of men in New Hampshire voted the Buchanan ticket last week, with the solemn vow on their lips that, unless Kansas be made a free State, they will never cast another vote for that party. Many of those men honestly think Buchanan and his party are going to make it a free State."

The editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer* says that the following statements came to him in a shape that commands his belief in their accuracy:

"At an early period of the late canvass, it became apparent to the Democatic party, North and South, that if Mr. Buchanan's friends did not repudiate the principles of the Cincinnati Convention, in relation to the extension of slavery into the free Territories of the Union, he would lose every Northern State. Consultation was therefore had, among the leaders of both sections of the country, and the result was, a determination to claim throughout the North, that Mr. Buchanan is opposed to slavery extension and to the admission of Kansas into the Union as a slave State. In conformity with this determinaiton, every public speaker on the part of the Democracy, in the States of *New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana* and *Illinois*, declared most solemnly, from the stump, that Mr. Buchanan is opposed to slavery extension and to the admission of Kansas as a slave State; and it was these declarations, confirmed by Democratic banners everywhere, bearing the inscription, '*James Buchanan*, FREE *Kansas* and FREE *Soil*,' that the States named were carried for the the Democratic candidate. This fact is conceded on all hands, and it is especially insisted upon by the Northern Democratic leaders, that they acted with the sanction and full concurrence of the South, who plainly discovered that, without resort being had to such a course, their defeat was certain."

And, since the election, we hear the *Pittsburgh Post*, the old Democratic organ in that place, and warmly devoted to Mr. Buchanan, announcing—

"Before another Presidential election occurs, Kansas will be a State of the Union—a free State, and one of the most thriving of the whole Confederacy. It is probable, also, that Minnesota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Oregon will become States of the Union, within the next four years. Six new States, and all free States. Thirty-seven stars will be seen on our national banners then. And these six new States will all be free from slavery. The free States will then number twenty-two, having forty-four Senators in Congress. In the meantime, both Texas and Nebraska may be divided. They are far too large, and a division has always been contemplated. It is quite probable that, upon a division of Texas, its north-western portion will become a free State, and its southern and eastern portions form two slave States. A Missouri editor, not long ago, said that if Kansas became a free State by the will of its people, slavery would be abolished in Missouri before ten years. We hope the prediction will be verified, and believe it will be. The signs of the times point to a glorious future for this country. It has passed one peril of late, and has now a bright prospect of peace and prosperity for years to come."

All this shows a lamentable ignorance; but it shows, too, how the Democratic party at the North was rallied for Mr. Buchanan. The masses were induced to believe that his election would not harm the cause of Free Kansas, would not promote slavery propagandism, but that Squatter Sovereignty, in the long run, would work in favour of the extension of free institutions.

How many were deluded in a similar way into the support of General Pierce! How many of those, then deceived, rallied to the Republican standard, in the late conflict! Four years more, when the honest masses shall have found themselves again deceived, where will be the Democratic party?

Mr. Buchanan will be called upon to favour the annexation of Nicaragua; to wink at fillibustering on Cuba; and to coöperate with the slaveholders in preparing new slave States to keep pace with the increase of new free States. The last item is thus distinctly put down in the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*:

"At least four of the Territories are expected to present themselves for admission as free States during Mr. Buchanan's Administration. We take it that the South *will endeavour to keep pace with this movement by making an equal number of slave States out of Texas and California. If the Northern Democracy will come up like men, and vote for slave States pari passu with free States, we will take back every hard word we ever said about them in our lives. If they fail to do it, then it will be time enough to fall back upon Mr. Rhett's scheme of a Southern Confederacy, and see what can be made out of it. If the North degrades us to a position of inferiority and dependence, we will have no other remedy.*"

The Democratic party, with Mr. Buchanan at its head, must violate the laws of Nature, common sense, common decency, to keep slave States equal in number to free States, or the South will fall back on disunion!

As to Cuba, we have very distinct intimation, in the Washington *Union*, of what is expected of Mr. Buchanan:

"The Government of the United States has never interfered, and we feel assured will never interfere, with the internal affairs of Mexico or Central America, for any other purpose than that of counteracting the intrigues and encroachments of foreign powers, and fostering their new-born freedom. With respect to Cuba, the case is quite different; nor do we think it will injure the reputation of Mr. Buchanan or any other American statesman, to be suspected of a desire to emancipate that fine island from colonial vassalage, and (if such is the wish of the inhabitants) to admit it as a member of this Confederation. It is not fit that the key to the Gulf of Mexico should be in the hands of an enemy, or one who is the mere tool of our enemies. The North and West, equally with the South, are deeply interested in this question, which seems to be sleeping now, but which, we opine, will never die."

Now that the election is over, will the honest men of the Democratic party think of these things, and prepare for a crisis which seems inevitable?

THE NEGRO PLOTS AT THE SOUTH.

The New Orleans *Picayune* has the following, in relation to the negro insurrections:

We have abstained thus far from giving publicity, in detail, to the many reports which have been sent to us, or reached us in our exchanges, of slave disturbances in various parts of the Southern States. Being uncertain as to the actual state of facts, we thought it safest not to increase the uneasiness on this very delicate subject, and supposed the free circulation of such documents not likely to be productive of good in a community where such facilities exist for free communication with the black race, bond and free. But the symptoms of agitation are so numerous, wide-spread, and apparently concurrent, that it becomes a duty to recognise the state of facts, fully and unreservedly, with a view to the discussion of the proper steps to be taken for the restoration of quiet, and the maintenance of the existing relation between the two races in the South against the interior disturbance and aggression from without.

It is not clear that positive insurrection has been attempted anywhere, although the gravity of the events along the Cumberland River in Kentucky and in Tennessee, and the more recent affairs in Mississippi, approach very nearly to that point of action. But from various quarters in many States, there are evidences of a very unsettled state of mind among the servile population—a vague impression among them that a critical change in their condition is at hand, to be effected by a powerful party in the United States, which, temporarily defeated at the polls, is ready to give them the help of arms and troops when they shall undertake to rise on their own account. That these ideas have assumed any definite shape for concerted action, we have no other reason to believe than that in places quite remote from each other, all the disclosures obtained have fixed upon the same day everywhere, as that upon which an undefined effort is to be made against the whites. The day is the 24th of Dec., or more generally, about the Christmas holidays; and the same notion prevails in Kentucky, Arkansas and Tennessee, as well as in Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

We do not infer from this that there is a combination in fact reaching so widely, or that there has been a concert among the blacks. It is more likely the general idea among the wicked white villains who circulate among these classes to foment discontent, that the season of leisure and abandon, when pleasure takes the place of business, and authority may be supposed to be indolent and careless, would be the best opportunity for doing most mischief.

We do not suppose the most sanguine of these tempters look to any other result, from the most extended *emeute*, than alarm and distress to the white population, a few days saturnalia of riot, robbery and murder, with a view to the enforcing hereafter obnoxious theories by a heavy pressure from without upon the intimidated South. They cannot expect any present results to the blacks other than immediate subjugation, severe punishment, bloody and perhaps vindictive retribution, and a condition thereafter harder and more stringent that was ever found necessary before.

The consequences will fall with inevitable rigour on all alike. They cannot in the nature of things be confined to the small number of the actually turbulent; for the number actually engaged in any such scenes will be but a small one among the mass of that population. The protective and precautionary policy must reach all; and this is a result to which the Southern people, maligned though they are, have been extremely unwilling to be coerced, but by the most positive necessity. The latitude of privilege which they have heretofore given to free blacks, and slaves, and the mildness with which they have administered, and of late even neglected to enforce, their own restrictive laws, exhibit the feeling of kindness and indulgence which has hitherto prevailed among them. If a change is now to be effected, and a return called for, back to the strictest rigour of our police law, abridging the indulgence heretofore allowed, and imposing sterner and unrelaxing discipline, it is in the righteous exercise of the duty to guard life, safety and honour for the whites, and in mercy to the victims, whom an incendiary philanthrophy, cruel as false, would delude to their destruction. To save these poor creatures from the swift and sure extermination which would follow, if the counsels of the seducers prevail upon them, it has become highly expedient for the slave States to revise their codes, and for all inferior authorities to take sufficient measures for carrying into effect all the ordinances and laws which forecast has provided, and a full view of the local as well as the general aspect of the case suggests, for the maintenance of order and subordination among the blacks, and the keeping of them from the contaminating influences which are seen, in their effects at least, to be at work for mischief.

That there are villains about, who have been successful in disquieting some portion of the slave population, and in producing a great state of excitement in the interior, is confirmed by daily reports that we are not at liberty to disregard. Those from Tennessee and Mississippi assume a consistency which justifies the adoption of immediate precautionary measures to prevent the ignorant and foolish from provoking a strife which, detrimental to all, must result fatally and swiftly on themselves; and henceforth, the law-making and the executive powers must take the charge of revising and amending the whole code of discipline and administration.

We have in New Orleans a large amount of the class of population most likely to be influenced by these evil counsels, and most directly accessible from abroad. They form, too, a facile medium of communication with the slaves. Their opportunities for learning and circulating disorderly ideas are very great at all times; so great, as to make it important that vigilance should be exercised in regard to them always; and that, at least, all the laws which are already provided, for regulating their conduct and intercourse with each other, and with the slave population, should be rigidly enforced, and new regulations should be provided where these are deficient. We are not without intimations that there is talk among this class, and that there have been other symptoms, which make it highly expedient to take precautions here, also, against the spread of this temper of disorder, and to discover, avert and punish, with summary and inflexible justice, the authors and ringleaders of any contemplated violence, and the teachers and seducers who are spreading the poison abroad.

The times are at least urgent for the exercise of the most watchful vigilance over the conduct of slaves and free coloured persons. The regulations which were passed to prevent the promiscuous intercourse of these classes with each other, and those which forbid slaves being apart from the domiciles of their masters, and which prohibit the gatherings of coloured persons except with the attendance of whites, and the regulations for the giving of passes, which have been so much abused, should all be rigidly enforced. The possible developments of the future may, perhaps, show that the grounds for believing this particularly necessary at this time are overrated; but it is better to err from excess of precaution, than to mistake by neglecting the admonitions of prudence.

THE LATE NEGRO MURDERS IN KENTUCKY—EXAMINATION OF THE NEGROES—ATTEMPT TO RESCUE AND BURN THEM.

From The Louisville Journal, Dec. 29.

Saturday last was the day appointed for the examination of the four negroes charged with murdering the Joyce family, and then burning their house, with their remains, in this County. At 10 o'clock the examination commenced in the Circuit Court room before Justices Clement and Matlack. E. S. Craig, Esq., Commonwealth's attorney, assisted by Thomas W. Wiley, Esq., conducted the prosecution, and Captain L. H. Rousseau and William Mix, Esq., appeared for the accused. The negroes were Bill, belonging to Mr. Pendleton, of Bullitt, Jack and George, belonging to Messrs. Samuels, of Bullitt, and Bill, belonging to Mr. Brown, of Jefferson. The latter is only 16 years of age, and the other three are from 20 to 25 years old.

The room was so crowded that it was with the utmost difficulty to obtain ingress or egress. The testimony consisted mainly of confessions made by two of the negroes, Pendleton's Bill and Samuels' Jack, and was so unsatisfactory that it was not worth giving in detail. We must add that the negroes were threatened before the confessions were made, but other facts were elicited which implicate at least some of them in the deed.

Mr. William Joyce, the only survivor of the murdered family, is a young man, apparently about twenty four years of age. Mr. J. was evidently suffering great anguish and much excited.

Long Creek, and were to make a joint charge upon Dover; after they had *cleaned up* Dover, and provided themselves with arms and ammunition, they were to scatter out over the country generally. At the Mill, the negroes, or rather Bob Murrell, was to kill George Lewis first, then Henry Erwin, and then the balance indiscriminately. Lewis and Erwin whipped Bob Morris to death. At the old Dover furnace, Charlie Napier was to kill brother George first; Mat. Hutson was to kill young Tom Buckingham next, and Bill Blair was to kill Edwin, George's son, and Henry and Willie Wynns, and then go to the Mill. Brother George hung Charlie Napier one day about 11 o'clock, and let him hang till next day about 1 o'clock—26 hours.

We are at work here to-day. We have one negro in chains, and will hang him, I think, certain; if the Committee will not the community are determined to do it. I think we will have quite an exciting time here before we get through. I have no doubt but that it is a universal thing all over the Southern States, and that every negro fifteen years old, either knows of it or is into it; and the most confidential house servants are the ones that are to be the most active in the destruction of their own families. The negroes, everywhere they are examined, all agree that the men, women and children are to be slain, and that the young women are to be kept as wives for themselves, and a good many of them about Dover and the furnaces went so far as to select their future companions. * * * * * *

Harvey Nelson,* up to the time I left Dover, was not implicated by any of the negroes at the Mill, but was deeply concerned by the testimony of the Kirkman negroes. Six or eight were all the committee got of them. Young Tom Kirkman took the balance and left, and if he comes again to the country soon, he will be mobbed, I think, certain. All the negro preachers and active members of the Church, where the affair has been investigated, are found to be the most efficient and zealous ones in the insurrection. It has been found so in Stewart County, about Lafayette, Hopkinsville, and rumour says the same of Clarksville and other places.

Yours, T. M. Atkins.

*A celebrated Methodist preacher.

ATTEMPT TO POISON THE PATROL IN VIRGINIA.

A diabolical attempt was made on Wednesday last to poison the patrol of New Kent County. The facts as stated to us are briefly these: The patrol, whose sphere of operations was near the Court-House, made the residence of Capt. T. S. Morris their rendezvous. Among his domestics was a negro girl, whose father is a slave, named Pleasants, belonging to Mrs. Fanny Timberlake. At the instigation of this fiend, the girl poured a quantity of muriatic acid, with which she was provided, into a decanter of liquor kept for the entertainment of the patrol. It so happened that on Wednesday night the patrol failed to visit Capt. M.'s, but the Captain partook of the poisoned liquor himself. In a very short time he became delirious, and, fortunately, ejected the baneful draught from his stomach. The vomit afforded him relief, and he speedily recovered. The girl made a full confession of her guilt, and, with her father, has been committed to jail to await a judicial examination. We derived these facts from officer Morris, of this city, a brother of Capt. Morris. —*Richmond Whig, Dec.* 31.

Negro Excitement in Carolina County, Va.—The Alexandria *Sentinel* learns from Carolina County, that there is general excitement there, growing out of the same suspicions that have excited so much painful solicitude in various sections of the South. It seems that a negro named Thornton, for many years a sailor on the Rappahannock, but last year employed in the gang at work on the York River Railroad, was apprehended, with two others, on the night of Caristmas eve, and upon him found a letter indicating a plot which was to be speedily executed. The excited people have given him two hundred lashes to make him disclose the full meaning of the note; but he says he will die first. Our informant thinks, from the feeling of the people, that they will certainly kill him if he persists in his refusal.

THIRTY-FIVE NEGROES HUNG IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We find the following intelligence in *The Alabama Advertiser and Gazette:* York District, South Carolina, today the slave excitement continues. Powder and muskets have been found in possession of the slaves. A despatch from Columbia says fifteen negroes have been killed by their owners in Perry. Escapes of slaves are numerous. The whites in all directions are arming themselves.

TAMPERING WITH SLAVES IN GEORGIA.

The *Savannah Georgian* states that a drunken man named John Marshall, and another, whose name is not given, had been arrested in that city for tampering with slaves, and would be quietly sent home to their Northern friends. Marshall was haranguing a crowd of young negroes in the street on the beauties of freedom, and they, in turn, cheered his arrest vociferously.

GOV. KING ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

[Extract from the Message of Gov. John A. King to the New York Legislature.]

I have yet another duty to perform—a duty, the obligations of which I am not at liberty to neglect, even if I were so disposed—and the performance of which, in my judgment, is rendered imperative by the respect which is due to the sentiments and votes in the recent Presidential election of a great majority of the people of this State and the other free States.

I do this in no partisan spirit, but under the conviction that the great principle at issue in the election, and which is so triumphantly vindicated, lies at the root of our free institutions, and is alike the concern, and should be equally the care of all citizens who rightly estimate those institutions. No mere party question could call forth so deep an interest and so significant and decisive a vote throughout the length and breadth of the State; and I venture to believe I do not mistake its import, nor your convictions respecting it, when I assume, as its deliberate and irreversible decree, that so far as the State of New York is concerned, there shall be henceforth no extension of slavery in the Territories of the United States.

This conclusion I most unreservedly adopt, and am prepared to abide by it at all times, under all circumstances, and in every emergency.

I am more emphatic on this point, because it has been thought by the present incumbent not incompatible with the dignity and decorum of the Presidential chair to stigmatize the conduct, in the recent election, of a large majority of the people of this State, as well as of other free States, by unwarrantably imputing to them motives which they do not entertain, and aims directly contrary to those they both avow and strive to promote. Those imputations we know to be wholly groundless; yet they have been put forth with all the authority which high station and deliberate and artful preparation can confer; and in the discussion in the Senate of the United States of the President's Message, they seem to be received and treated as true by persons whose position as Senators gives weight to their arguments. Hence it will not be out of place here to state the views which we of the free States do entertain in reference to the great issue that has called down upon us such extraordinary denunciations. We hold, then, first, to all the obligations, compromises and guarantees of the Constitution, as explained and understood by its founders, and, until comparatively recent days, acquiesced in by the whole country; and especially, we hold, as to slavery, that in the States where it exists, it exists by virtue of the local law alone; but that it neither exists, nor is confirmed there, nor anywhere, by the force and effect of the Constitution of the United States. Secondly, that under the Constitution of the United States, Congress has the power to exclude slavery from the Territories, and we insist that it should exercise its power, whenever necessary, to effect that purpose. Thirdly, that under the Constitution Congress has the power to admit new States into the Union, when, and as it may judge proper and expedient, having reference, among other considerations, to their social condition. Fourthly, that the constitutional restriction, until 1808, of the power of Congress to prohibit the slave trade, and the prohibition afterwards of that trade by act of Congress, constitutes one of the Compromises of the Constitution, which should be firmly insisted upon and forever maintained inviolate. But we do not claim, on the contrary, we disclaim, any right or power, or desire or purpose, to interfere with the domestic institutions of any State, or with the laws of the respective States, within the jurisdiction thereof. The agitation of the subject of slavery is not attributable to us, but was forced upon the country by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and by the new and unsound construction attempted to be given to the Constitution of the United States, by which that instrument is made to carry slavery wherever it goes. When, therefore, we resist this aggressive spirit, and the extension of slavery to which it tends, we are acting within the Constitution, in defence alike of its spirit and its letter, and in opposition to the fanaticism of slavery.

These are fundamental principles which we have maintained and shall continue to maintain. It falls not within our province to legislate upon the subject of slavery in other States. Happily at an early day this State purged itself from that great evil, and its record since has been consistent and unvarying in behalf of liberty. When the agitation respecting the admission of Missouri was at its height, this State, so far as its Senators and Representatives in Congress would obey the voice of the Legislature, forbade by an almost unanimous vote the admission of Missouri as a Slave State. The vote stands unrepealed to this day, and its generous spirit spoke again, yet more impressively, at the late election, when it said that Kansas, too, must be free. The Missouri Compromise was resisted by this State as an unwarrantable concession to slavery, and a deep wrong to freedom; but with the loyalty to the Constitution and the Union, in which she has never faltered, when the Congress of the United States decided to sanction that Compromise and to admit Missouri as a slave State, conditioned that henceforth slavery should not be carried north of the line of 36 deg. 30 min., New York acquiesced without approving, and never sought to disturb that settlement. When, however, slavery having received its full equivalent, it was proposed to withhold or to withdraw the equivalent to freedom in the restriction of slavery within the specified limits, and so to open all the territories of the United States to that blight, New York insisted on what virtually was a contract; and though unfavourable to it when made, was nevertheless intent that freedom should not lose its share of the bargain.

Hence, New York opposed, of right and in perfect consistency, the repeal of the Compromise adopted against her will. In vain; that act, which has stood on the statute book for more than thirty-four years, with all the sacredness of an implied contract, was repealed, and the President of the United States, in his recent Message, characterizes it as "an objectionable enactment, unconstitutional" in "its effects, and injurious in terms to a large portion of the States." Objectionable to this State that enactment undoubtedly was at the time, but for precisely opposite reasons to those implied in the President's censure, because it *restricted* freedom and *extended* slavery. The Compromise was forced by the South upon the free States, but New York was as thoroughly opposed to it *then*, as the South, speaking through the President, can be *now*, when they have received all its benefits, and the turn of freedom is coming. But neither New York or the free States ever deemed that enactment unconstitutional, but submitted reluctantly, yet unreservedly, to it; for the love of freedom and respect for law have ever been inseparable here. At this late day, a President of the United States pronounces the Missouri Compromise unconstitutional, although it has every sanction of precedent, cotemporaneous exposition, unbroken usage, and, up to a recent date, universal assent.

It was the unjustifiable repeal of the Compromise that, at the recent election, roused so deep an excitement, which was aggravated by the fearful scenes of violence and wrong in Kansas. These evils sprung from the same bitter root—the effort to extend slavery—and were brought about by the faithless renunciation, on the part of Congress, of the absolute and exclusive right conferred upon it by the Constitution of "making all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory and other property belonging to the United States." It is not competent for any branch of this Government, nor all its branches combined, short of an amendment of the Constitution in the prescribed form, to transfer to others a power confided by that Constitution to Congress; and when the phantom of Squatter Sovereignty was set up as an excuse for this abandonment of duty, not only was there treachery to the Constitution, but a mockery of substantial popular Sovereignty. Since, in *theory*, it professed to leave to the inhabitants of the Territory the right to govern themselves, while, in *fact*, the Federal Executive appointed all the chief officers—Governor, Judges and Marshals; and again, the pretext was to transfer to the first few accidental settlers the right to determine, finally it might be, the condition of a Territory capable of sustaining millions, while, in *fact*, as irrefutably established by the Committee of the House of Representatives appointed to investigate the troubles in Kansas, the *bona fide* settlers were ousted of the right thus pretended to be conferred upon them. Hordes of armed men from Missouri and other States took possession of the polls, drove from them the actual residents who would not cooperate in their avowed purpose of imposing slavery upon Kansas, and chose members of the Legislature infamous to all time, by the atrocious laws which they afterward enacted. Happily and honourably for free institutions, though most disastrously to themselves, the sons of this State, of other free States, and, we may even hope, some from the slave States, who went to Kansas for a new home, have steadily and successfully resisted this usurpation. Yet these are the acts which, by judicial tyranny, and at the point of the bayonet of troops of the United States, paid out of the common Treasury, the President of the United States has upheld and enforced. The consequence to some of the settlers was imprisonment, to some death, to all uncertainty and alarm, and to many aggravated loss and suffering. It is hoped that, under better counsels, order, and law, and harmony may be restored; but, meantime, great distress and privation will be endured, and, therefore, I would respectfully submit to your consideration the expediency of contributing, by an appropriation of money, to be used in case of need, toward the relief of the destitution and suffering which misgovernment has occasioned in Kansas, with the single remark that to do so, would only be an act of duty toward our own kith and kin, who have migrated to that new region, of like character, but certainly of higher obligation, with the appropriations which, in a spirit of benevolence, the Congress of the United States have made from time to time for the relief of distant and foreign populations overtaken by great and sudden calamity.

I cannot close this communication without adverting to the striking illustrations afforded by the recent election of the harmonious working of our institutions; and of the spirit of implicit submission to laws of their own devising, and which they feel to be equal and just, evinced by the citizens of all portions of our extended Republic. After an exciting canvass, lasting through many months, in which all took part, no sooner was the result ascertained, than the most entire and absolute acquiescence ensued, and without rancour or menace or disturbance on the part of those who were defeated; the ordinary routine of life was resumed, without shock of any sort to industry, to credit, or other interests of society. It is greatly to misjudge such a spectacle, and a wrong to the cause of Constitutional Liberty, to find, as has been done, in such a contest, only grounds for criminating the motives of a large portion of the most intelligent, educated and moral of our population; and none of rejoicing in the signal vindication of the stability of popular governments, nor of thankfulness to the Almighty for his protection in this as in every past epoch of our history as a people. May that good and gracious Being still watch over and guide us in all our deliberations. John A. King.

Albany, January 6, 1857.

PROSCRIPTION IN VIRGINIA.

LETTER FROM JOHN C. UNDERWOOD.

SALE OF HIS PROPERTY AT AUCTION—THREATENED BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—SAVED BY DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Paris, Va., Jan. 1, 1857.

Wm. K. Strong, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* In reply to your kind inquiries, I will try to give you a few incidents of my experience since my return to the Old Dominion. I found here a new and strange state of things. I had no conception of the cordiality with which my tenants and most of my neighbours would greet me. Indeed, such was the rush to my house, and so anxious were they to hear and learn all the circumstances connected with my long absence from home, that I found my time very much occupied by them, and my progress in arranging my long-neglected business was consequently much impeded. Nor could I prevent inquiries from another class, who, it seems, had become deeply interested in the subject of politics. This class had, from the mutual criminations and recriminations of the Buchanan and Fillmore orators during the late campaign, indulged the hope that a great party, with which they supposed me connected, had been organized in the country for their deliverance from slavery. Notwithstanding my hatred of every species of human oppression, and the slight confidence I entertain that so great a cancer as slavery can ever be eradicated from the body politic without the effusion of some blood, so great is my horror of all violence, and my hope of amelioration by the diffusion of knowledge and of Christian patience and forbearance among men, that I spared no pains in urging those "under the yoke" to submit to the power which they have now no means of successfully resisting. And if my immediate neighbourhood shall be spared the horrors and the distressing anxieties which have "murdered sleep" in so many of the wealthy families of Virginia and other Southern States during the holidays, I shall have the vanity to believe that my advice had more influence than the armed patrols, which we see on every hand, in restraining that violence which was ready to burst here, as it has in other portions of the country.

Consultation with friends after my return, soon satisfied me that disturbances would probably result from the intense anxiety which was everywhere discoverable among the slave population, and that my life, to say the least, would be exceedingly insecure in the event of an outbreak in my vicinity; for it would be as easy, in the mad whirlwind of passion and excitement to implicate me, as it was the Salem victims in the charge of witchcraft. I, therefore, early in last month, posted handbills throughout my neighbourhood, advertising my perishable property for sale on Monday, the 29th day of December. I then rented my lands and tenements to nine of my old friends, who seemed willing to take them, and on the eve of the day of sale I found that a notice, originally published in my own County paper, had been extensively published in other papers circulating in the vicinity, indicating that the sale was to be the day after the fair. The notice was as follows:

"John C. Underwood, the 'Virginia Exile,' has returned to our County, and we notice offers his entire personality at public sale, on Tuesday, 30th inst.—[*Berryville (Clarke County) Gazette.*"

I endeavoured to be charitable enough to believe that the error was the result of mistake, but was assured by a slaveholding friend that it was published with the design of misleading and preventing persons from attending the sale to buy my property. The sale, however, took place on Monday last, at no greater sacrifice than could be expected under all the circumstances.

As some indication, however, of the excitement, I give you some extracts from a letter received, the day before the sale, by my wife, written by one from whom for more than twenty years we have both received many and frequent evidences of friendship:

"Saturday, December 27, 1856.

"My Dear Maria: I scarcely know which to write to, yourself or Mr. Underwood, to endeavour once more to bring to your minds the real state of public feeling against Mr. Underwood—the feeling is one of intense and proper resentment against any man who advocates, as Mr. Underwood does, and uses all means to propagate his principles in a slave State; but of all this, it is only necessary to say at this time that the people will not much longer tolerate his presence in this country—for since the negro disturbance, I do assure you he is in danger of the very worst treatment (which will, little as he appears to believe it, burst over his head most unexpectedly, if he does not leave the country quickly). And is the feeling not right, when he and his party have done everything in their power to bring about the incendiary spirit of our slaves? Just to think of such acts as the murder of poor Mr. Green (a good, and respectable, and law-loving citizen), on Wednesday night, by five negro men, bursting into his house, killing him with an axe in his bed, hacking up his body with knives, and then setting fire to his house—this was all done on Wednesday night, and so near us that we saw the immense fire his house made distinctly from the neighbourhood of Gaines's Station, where he lived; the negroes were taken, confessed their crime, and are now in jail. But, no doubt all this will only excite a feeling of malignant gratification with Mr. Underwood's party, for they openly gloat in their public and private speeches, and in the columns of their incendiary papers, of having given rise to such a state of things. Then let me assure you once more of the deep-seated resolves on the part of the people against Mr. Underwood, and urge you to use your influence with him to advertise and sell every dollar's worth of *land*, as well as his personal property, and to quit the country altogether. This is no idle advice, and let me beg of you to be guided by it."

But Tuesday, the 30th, was one of the most anxious and exciting days of my life. We were sad at seeing our household goods scattered around us; for though in form a voluntary sale, it was in fact a forced sale—not brought about, either, by one of those providential events when the Great Father calls an earthly father home to his rest, but it was forced upon us by the oppression of proud and cruel men, who neither feared God nor regarded humanity. Our little children were grieving over the sale of the horses and colts, cows and calves, pet lambs and playthings, which they had been accustomed to call their own, and to which they had become attached, as farmers' children often are. To increase the gloom and desolation caused by this general breaking up and scattering of those old and familiar associations and objects to which our hearts fondly clung, our kind neighbour, Mr. Feltner, called late in the afternoon with a message from another friendly neighbour, that we must immediately prepare for the reception of a Committee of Vigilance, which was coming on with the most hostile intentions. This seemed to explain the mistake published in the papers respecting the day of sale. And now came trouble to my wife and her female friends, who urged me to leave the house and them, as they supposed the mob would be appeased if made certain of my absence. My little son, however, with a courage beyond his years, desired to go to the store for more powder and lead, and to call in the neighbours who had repeatedly and in the kindest manner offered their services whenever they might be required. This was the course I had resolved upon, and which was promptly adopted.

Our firearms were loaded and put in order, neighbours were ready and responding generously to our call, when another message arrived. At any other time it would have been sorrowful in the extreme, for it told that a man known to us for many years, of naturally sweet sympathies, towards whom we had never entertained a feeling of unkindness, had been suddenly summoned, under the most solemn circumstances, from a drunken debauch, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, to his last account. But this man was one of the most active of the persecuting Committee of Vigilance, and his death put an end to all apprehensions of danger; so that my wife and the female friends around her, who had just now resolved not to lie down that night, after offering up their gratitude to God—not for the fate of the poor victim of intemperance, whom they most sincerely pitied, but for their own deliverance from what seemed an impending calamity—retired to a sweet and undisturbed repose. The story was quickly circulated, and the next day the whole neighbourhood rung with wonder at what was considered a signal interposition of Providence in behalf of justice and humanity; and just before the setting of the last sun of the year 1856, the remains of this poor misguided and unfortunate victim of that vice, which is in a terrible degree increased by the idleness incident to the great evil of slavery, were brought by his mourning relatives and friends a distance of eight miles, and buried by the side of the grave of his worthy and excellent father in the quiet little village of Paris, almost within sight of my own peaceful home.

Yours truly, John C. Underwood.

SONG OF THE BORDER RUFFIAN.

"Free Society! We sicken at the name."—*Alabama Paper.*

America the Land of Liberty!
I tell you what!—I'll put a chunk of lead
Inside your brain if you say that to me;
I'll raise your scull top for you off your head.
America's the land of Slavery now—
To Slavery's cause the North we mean to win;
And if what I assert you won't allow,
I'll rip you open upward to the chin.

There's some men here as I have got to shoot,
There's some men here as I have got to stick,
Let any one jest my words dispute,
I'll put this bowie-knife into him, slick.
Wherever our star-spangled banner waves,
And our proud stripes eternity defies,
We'll buy, and sell, and whip, and brand our slaves;
Object to that, and I'll black both your eyes.

Not only niggers, but them darned mean whites,
To servitude who stoops theirselves to lower,
Mind!—or I'll drill a peep-hole through your lights,
Yes, Sir-ree we'll make slaves on all the poor.
Sich critters as that beggar, t'other day,
That waiter-feller for his sarse that got
What he deserved—and some on you too may—
The base, degraded, brutal wretch was shot.

Them as descends a servant's place to take,
The treatment of a servaut must expect;
If any man has a remark to make,
This here is loaded, let him recollect.
I'd make all airth slave soil. You disagree?
Mind, I was never known to miss my aim,
I loves the land of slaves, but as to free
Society, I sicken at the name.

—*Punch.*

LETTERS FROM SLAVE STATES.

Some of our readers may recollect that certain Southern subscribers to *The Examiner* have rather suddenly stopped their patronage within the past year, and that, in a very few instances, the Editor has been threatened with pretty severe treatment if he would visit certain Southern localities. But we have two letters now before us of a wholly different stamp, and we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of publishing the substance of them. The first is from a subscriber in one of the country towns of Virginia. He assures us that the best bed in his house, and the best dinners he can provide, and as many of them as we wish, shall be ready for us whenever we can partake of his hospitality, and that as soon as the present year's subscription to *The Examiner* expires, he intends to remit the pay for the next. He says, "I like slavery as little as you do, and am not, by any means, alone in these views, in the South. Those extreme notions with regard to slavery, the slave-trade and the unity of the human race, which have had their origin in Charleston and Richmond, are very far from being public opinion in the South." Our correspondent deprecates extreme notions, whether at the South or North, but he believes that a temperate and earnest discussion of the subject of slavery is desirable and necessary—to all of which we respond affirmatively and heartily.

The second letter is from a subscriber in one of the central Counties of Missouri. He says: "I have been taking your paper now for one year, and am well pleased with it; especially do I like its faithful and fearless tone on the slavery question. Did it not raise its voice against this evil, it would, in my opinion, lack one of the essential elements of a religious newspaper in this land. I herewith remit you four dollars for two copies of your paper, one for myself, continued, and one for ——————."

The writers of these letters are personally unknown to us, but it is refreshing to have such testimony in favour of human freedom, coming from Missouri and Virginia.—*Examiner.*

SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.

Not only are the old free States more flourishing than the old slave States, and the new free States more flourishing than the new slave States, but the slave States themselves are the most flourishing in those parts where there is the least slavery, and most depressed in those parts where slavery most prevails. Look at Maryland and Delaware; the Northern portions, along the Pennsylvania line, where there are hardly any slaves, grow and thrive—the Southern parts decay, or are stationary.

There are three Counties in Delaware: New Castle, the most northern, Kent, the central, and Sussex the southern County. There are hardly any slaves in New Castle County, not many in Kent; Sussex contains nearly all that are in the State. Now, examine the condition of these Counties in the years 1810 and 1850, an interval of forty years. These are the Census returns:

	1810.	1850.	Increase.	Decrease.
New Castle,	24,229	42,780	18,351	
Kent,	20,405	22,816	2,321	
Sussex,	27,750	25,936		1,814

Thus it appears, that while New Castle County has gained about 74 per cent. in population, being nearly free from slavery, Sussex County, which is *blessed* with it, has less population by 1,814 than it had forty years ago. In view of this condition of things, we cannot doubt that, before many years elapse, slavery will be abolished in Delaware, by the gradual process adopted in Pennsylvania, eighty-three years ago. Such a project was lost by *one vote* in the Delaware Legislature, a very few years ago.

What must we think of the intelligence of those citizens of the Northern States who would rather see Kansas a Sussex than a New Castle?—*Philadelphia Times.*

Once Coloured always Coloured.—A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of colour, and, among other things, said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of colour asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

"Oh, get out! you spose I go in de kitchen when I was dare?"

This reminds me of the anecdote of a coloured man who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labour was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work eben ef he go to hebben."

A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was:

"Oh, you g'way, Massa. I know better. If dere's no work for cullud folks up dar, dey'll *make* some fur 'em, and if dere's nuffin better to do, dey'll make 'em *shub de clouds along.* You can't fool dis chile, Massa."

Republican Documents.—The Washington Correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* says:

"A few days ago, the Congressional Executive Committee of the Republican party met at the rooms of the Republican Association of this city, to clear up matters and dissolve. The City Association, who had been acting as agents of the Congressional Association, made, through their Secretary, a report of the stewardship, from which it appears they have put into circulation above 4,000,000 documents 'which is believed to be above three times the number ever distributed by any one party during a Presidential campaign.' It appears that these documents cost the Washington City Republican Association $13,245 86; and for them the Association has already received $8,637 15, and holds notes for $3,898 60. The Secretary calculates that the members of the Association have done an amount of work, consisting in directing and packing the documents, &c., which, if paid at the current rates, would amount to $3,000, but all which was done gratis. They claim to have inaugurated a new plan of carrying on a campaign by 'which the people are induced to pay for the documents, and thereby not only realize a fund to meet the expenses of printing, but also to insure a proper distribution of them.' The whole amount of the expenditures of the Association was $15,492 62; the whole of its availabilities $12,695 75; the difference is $2,896 87, which is for documents gratuitously distributed."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1856.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN FANEUIL HALL.

Our readers will find, in another place, a sketch of the Festival held in Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 2, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society gathered on the principles of Immediate Emancipation. We confess that at the first blush we doubted the fitness of a festive celebration of any event in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement, at its present stage. When we considered, as men engaged in such a work as ours should chiefly consider, how much yet remains to do, and regarded the state of the country and the immediate prospects of its affairs, it did not seem to us as if the time had come for going to the House of Feasting and there rejoicing over what we had done. But a little reflection changed the current of our ideas and brought us to what now seems to us a more normal perception of the true relation of things. For who in this land lying in wickedness has a right to rejoice and be glad, if not those who have been devoting the best years of their lives to its deliverance from its sins and their penalties, by preaching unto its inhabitants repentance, and pointing out to them the only way of escape? It is true that a curse rests on those who, having put their hand to the plough of a great reform, look back, leaving it in the furrow, tired of their work and content to believe that they have done their possible or that the work is impossible to be done. But the Lord of the Harvest will never condemn his labourers for resting from their toil for a moment to look back for the purpose of deriving fresh strength and new hope from the prospect of what progress they have made towards the conquest of that barren soil, that they may thus address themselves with renewed zeal to their task of making it to blossom as the rose.

It is difficult for one whose memory does not run back to the date of the birth of the New England Anti-Slavery Society to comprehend the state of public feeling as to Slavery prevailing at that time, so as to understand the magnitude of the change which has since reversed or modified it. The old traditional opposition to Slavery had died out, as it seemed, in the struggle which ended in the Missouri Compromise. Its existence was recognised, if not as a thing right in itself, at least as one for which the South was not responsible, and with which the North had nothing to do. Indeed, the fact of Slavery seemed, for the last half of the decade succeeding the Missouri Compromise, to have passed away from the thoughts of men. If it ever recurred to their minds, it was repelled as a hateful idea on which it was of no use to dwell and which should be passed by and kept out of one's own sight like the personal deformity or defect of a brother or a friend. The slave was utterly forgotten. If any compassion was felt for any of the parties concerned in the institution, it was for the master that all the sympathy was reserved. In those days, a master could lay his hands upon his slave in New York or Boston and carry him back to bondage with as little molestation as in Louisville or Natchez. In the Summer months the watering places and the country towns all over New England were tessellated with the black faces of the slaves of Southern visitors, and no man dreamed there was any harm in the relation in which they stood the one to the other. Humane lawyers would volunteer to hunt up the slaves of their Southern friends who had given them the slip, and no man regarded it except as a regular and proper effort of business or of friendship. The infamy which would be burnt into the memories of the Ingrahams, Kanes, Mortons, Curtises and Lorings had not yet loomed upon the dim horizon of possibilities.

It was in a day like this, when darkness covered the land and thick darkness the people, that the morning star of a great principle dimly heralded the coming of the perfect day of liberty. The idea was a new one, and, like all new ideas, the prevalence of which it is instinctively perceived will produce great social changes, it was despised and rejected of men. That Slavery was an uncomfortable affair, that the masters were very much to be pitied, was generally allowed. It was even agreed upon by general consent, South as well as North, that it was a "Great Moral Evil." But, then, what were the masters to do? They had the wolf by the ears, and they could neither hold him nor let him go. They were not to blame for the relations in which they found themselves by the fortune of inheritance. They were doing what they could to ameliorate the condition of the slave, and would joyfully coöperate with Divine Providence when it should see fit to make gradual arrangements for its entire abolition. These platitudes were received as logic, philosophy and religion, and were applied as deadening drugs to the Northern conscience, eagerly bankering after such opiates. But as soon as the question was looked at from the stand point of the Slave, and the everlasting truth enunciated that he stood equally with his master in the light of sonship before God, that there was no difference in their rights or their duties, and that any human contrivance by which the one was robbed of his rights for the benefit of the other was a crime of the deepest dye, at the first flash of light there was as wild confusion among these dormant errors as among spectres and witches when the earliest beam of the sun pierces their unhallowed revels. They were all really routed by the first ray of truth, which exposed all their deformities and absurdities, and it is only in the persistency of desperation that they still strive to make a darkness in which they may yet tarry for a little.

It is hard to figure to oneself a time when only a dozen men held to the opinion that every man had a right to the custody of his own body and soul, that it was the highest kind of robbery to wrest this from him and apply it to the uses of another, that it was the duty of the master to let go his hold upon the slave, and that it was a duty which, like all duties, it would be safety and blessing to perform. When we see whereunto this thing has grown, how it has been the motive power (in spite of the absurd efforts of blundering managers to conceal the fact) of a great political party which came near getting possession of the nation, how it has even compelled the reluctant notice of the Church, and how it has affected and modified the general sentiment of Northern society, it is hard to make it real to the mind that it was from so very small a seed—the smallest of all seeds—that this upgrowth and outgrowth has sprung and flourished. The slaveholders saw the end from the beginning, and they did their best, and their Northern tools for them, to trample it out of being, but only with the result of giving it a firmer hold of the soil. They knew, with the unerring instinct of tyrants, that darkness, and all the creatures that love and live by it, cannot coexist with the presence of light, and therefore they tried with ineffectual fingers to quench the dawn of the hastening day. Their very desperation proves the immortal quality of the light from the presence of which they shrink—a desperation which grows desperate, more and more, as they see its radiance beginning to penetrate the remotest corners of the land.

In view of the mighty change which has come over the nation within the last quarter of a century, we think that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts did well in celebrating the Anniversary of the gathering of the Society which first confronted Slavery as a Sin against God and against Man. The slaveholders attribute the altered complexion of these affairs at the North to the importunate persistency of Abolitionism, and the New England Anti-Slavery Society was the first shape which Abolitionism took unto itself, from which the whole Movement, in all its multitudinous forms, has sprung. It was a good thing to do, and it was a good thing well done. The place chosen was doubly fitting for the scene of that commemorative festivity—first, as the Old Cradle where Liberty was rocked by the men of Seventy-Five, and then as the one in which the degenerate sons of Thirty-Five strove to strangle her as an acceptable service to Slavery. Who would have thought when Harrison Gray Otis and Peleg Sprague were making the roof resound with their cries of Peace! Peace! to wicked Slavery, that in about twenty years it would look down on a cheerful company of Abolitionists, met to celebrate their own exulting life and the defeat and downfall of that domestic phalanx of their enemies, because they would give them no peace? The floor of Faneuil Hall was entirely covered with tables which were entirely filled. In point of numbers it would have been reckoned a success had it been a Festival of any of the parties or of any of the sects. The entertainment was abundant and elegant, and the speeches, of mingled seriousness and gayety, were of the happiest description. We have never attended an occasion of the kind that was so entirely and completely successful. There was literally no tediousness bestowed upon the audience, which remained patient and eager for more until past midnight. What political party can say as much after four or five hours of speech-making? It was good to be there, and it will be good to remember for a lifetime.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE FORMATION OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. YERRINTON.

During the first week in January, 1832—just a twelvemonth after the first number of *The Liberator* saw the light—there was organized in Boston a Society of anti-slavery men, on the ground of the absolute Sin of Slaveholding, and the Duty of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation—which received the name of The New England Anti-Slavery Society. In the course of two or three years, similar Societies having been formed in all the other New England States, the original Society received the name of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Under this simple but expressive title, a band of truthful, earnest, courageous men and women have, for twenty-five years, been associated together. And not in vain. The principle upon which they united was one which laid the axe at the root of the tree of slavery. Hence they made their mark upon the Country and the Times—a mark never to be effaced—and succeeded, against the most formidable opposition and apparently unsurmountable difficulties, in arousing the Nation, dead in its trespasses and sins, to a universal discussion of slavery, and to a most wholesome agitation. As the quarter-century of the Society's existence drew to a close, it seemed perfectly proper that its present members should mark the period by a suitable commemoration. To review the anti-slavery history of the twenty-five years past, to revive the memory of its many note-worthy events, to exhibit afresh the doings of the Slave Power of the land, especially as it worked through its corrupt and heartless Northern allies, to recite the simple story of the noble devotion of the early anti-slavery martyrs and saints—all this, indeed, was a work not to be done at a single meeting. Yet much could be done. The Anniversary could be kept with grateful, joyful, yet solemn, observance. A glance at the earlier history of the Cause could be taken—its Progress traced—and lessons for the Future could not fail to be abundantly suggested. The Managers of the Society unanimously voted to celebrate their first Quarter Century by a public Social Festival, with appropriate speech, sentiment and song. The use of Faneuil Hall was granted by the City Government, and Friday evening, January 2d, 1857, was fixed as the time of the celebration.

On that evening, some four hundred gentlemen and ladies, members of the Society, or friendly to its principles and objects, assembled at Faneuil Hall, and took their seats at the tables which had been spread, with his accustomed liberality and taste, by Mr. Joshua B. Smith. At a quarter before seven, Francis Jackson, President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and, by request of the Committee of Arrangements, proposed the following organization:

President,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Vice-Presidents,

Francis Jackson,	Samuel E. Sewall,
Wendell Phillips,	Eliza Lee Follen,
Maria W. Chapman,	Adin Ballou,
Joseph Southwick,	Edmund Quincy,
Samuel May,	Bourne Spooner,
William Whiting,	Oliver Johnson,
Thankful Southwick,	Henrietta Sargent,
James N. Buffum.	

Secretaries,

Samuel May, Jr., J. M. W. Yerrinton.

The list of officers was accepted, and they took their places upon the platform. Mr. Garrison, on taking the chair, was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a marked honour you have conferred upon me this evening, electing me to preside on an occasion so gratifying. I accept it, in the first place, as the declaration of your belief that the charge so often brought against me, that I am a *hair*-brained fanatic, is manifestly a *bald* misrepresentation (laughter); and, in the second place, as the evidence that, whatever may be the differences of opinion existing among us in regard to the best way of attacking the common enemy, we are all united as one in declaring slavery to be a crime of colossal magnitude, the disgrace of our common country, a curse and a shame; and that it ought to be at once and forever abolished, and Liberty proclaimed "throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

The Spirit of Freedom welcomes you to Faneuil Hall. The spirits of the just made perfect, of the martyrs and confessors of all ages, welcome you this evening. In behalf of four millions of slaves, yet waiting to be redeemed from galling fetters, I give to each and all of you a hearty welcome here in the old Cradle of Liberty (applause).

Before partaking of the supper, we will sing the first hymn on the programme which has been laid before you. The familiar song by James Russell Lowell, commencing—

"Friends of Freedom, ye who stand,
With no weapon in your hand,
Save a purpose stern and grand,
All men to set free,"

was then sung, to the tune "Scots wha hae"—the Hutchinson Family, who generously volunteered their services, taking the lead.

The company then proceeded to despatch the business which was laid on the table before them, in which agreeable occupation an hour was spent. At the conclusion of the repast, Mr. Garrison said there were many choice spirits that yearned to be present with them on that occasion, but circumstances prevented. Some of them had sent letters as a substitute for their personal presence, a few of which he would read.

[The reading of the various letters was listened to with marked attention, and elicited hearty responses from the company.]

LETTER FROM REV. THEODORE PARKER.

Boston, January 2, 1857.

My Dear Mr. Garrison: Business, which I cannot put off, calls me away from your Festival to-night; but besides that, I do not know that I feel in a quite festal mood, while our brother men in Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana and elsewhere, are hung, a dozen at a time, or shot down by their owners, with no form of trial, or whipped to death, on suspicion of exciting men, who receive nothing, to strike for higher wages. I do not feel very joyous either, when I find the Republican party in Congress, which carried e

amen! With prodigal outlay, she hath laboured, and dared, and never faltered. She hath fought the good fight, she hath kept the faith. *First*, and *alone*, she struck the *key-note*—spoke the true word, and never took it back; breathed her breath of life into the dead, and made them living souls. I say this the more heartily, because some of the *appendages* of her creed have never been mine—well content, while the Gulf Stream moves on to leave the eddies that fringe it to circle as they may. The tide that floats earth's commerce and navies, and beats with life-throbs on all its shores, may toss what straws or leviathans it will.

With heartiest all-hail and God-speed to all true watchers round the sacred fire, wherever burning,

In faith and love, your fellow-servant ever,
THEODORE D. WELD.

LETTER FROM ARNOLD BUFFUM.

EAGLESWOOD, Perth Amboy, Dec. 29, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Your kind invitation to attend the public Festival in celebration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, is received, and I desire to give you an assurance, that old age, bodily infirmities, and the inclemency of the season, all combined, are but just sufficient to prevent my compliance therewith. It would, indeed, be a great pleasure to me once again to meet with my past associates in the advocacy of the immediate and unconditional emancipation of our enslaved fellow-countrymen, nearly four millions of whom are now groaning in bondage the most cruel and despotic that ever existed on the face of the earth; and to keep them in bondage, our National Government has enacted laws which make every man, woman and child in the whole land subject to be seized and taken before a Commissioner, and claimed as a chattel slave; and if such claim should be sustained by false testimony, we have not, for our own right to liberty, one-tenth part as much legal protection as we should have for our right to a dumb animal, which another might attempt to take from us. And all this in what is falsely called a Democratic Government; while no claim of a human being as a chattel slave can be made on European soil, where emperors, kings and lordly aristocracies rule. Humanity, in all Europe, is regarded as conclusive evidence that the person belongs to himself, and not to another.

One of the greatest obstructions to the progress of our cause is the mistaken idea, that enslavement in our country is applied only to Africans, negroes or coloured persons. If, indeed, it *were* so, it would be none the less a violation of all the principles of justice, humanity and right; none the less a violation of the commands of God to man; but it is *not* so. There is no legal distinction of rights founded on colour, and the enslaved millions now circulate oceans of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, and very many of them carry "the best blood of Virginia."

If this nation continues to tolerate the idea, that the employer has a right to enslave the employed, then the day must come when the labouring, the producing, the really most useful class of people throughout the whole land, will find themselves the victims of despotic rule, and liberty, justice, humanity, and all that is right, will be annihilated in our land. If, then, we desire to secure to our posterity the blessings of liberty, let us persevere in untiring labours for the establishment of the principle, that "all men are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and let us never cease to remind our brethren that Jesus Christ has left it upon record for our instruction, that our eternal destiny is to be decided, *entirely and alone*, upon the treatment of even one of the very least of our fellow-creatures, it being regarded by him as if we had done the same unto himself.

What I most of all desire, now in the evening of my days, is to encourage the apostles of reform to persevere in their labours of love, until the abominations of slavery, intemperance and war shall be exterminated from the earth. Then all minor evils will give way before a regenerated public sentiment, and the inhabitants of the earth will be blessed with that condition for which Jesus instructed his disciples to pray. The kingdom of God will come, and His will be done, on earth *as it is in heaven*, and the world will stand before the Lord redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled.

Most respectfully, your friend and sympathizer,
ARNOLD BUFFUM.

To William Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Samuel May, Jr., Committee.

LETTER FROM ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

WORCESTER, Jan. 2, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND: I thank you for your kind note. My husband has left for New York, deeming it of first importance to be at the conference of agents to be held at Syracuse this evening. The success or failure of the campaign which inaugurates the new year in that State depends, in great measure, on this day's counsels. And though it would give him great pleasure to greet the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Old Pioneer at its birthplace, yet he cannot neglect, for that, the call to prosecute work for which it was organized, in a distant field, if, thereby, he may hasten the time when it may honourably be disbanded, having accomplished its mission. For the old age of a Society, formed to remove a great evil, must fill us with regrets, as indicating the continued presence of that evil.

For myself, I must still submit to the necessity which holds me from a participation in the joys and sorrows, and the new consecrations which shall be to those who shall rock the Old Cradle this evening. But in spirit, I can be nowhere but with them. How can I? To say nothing of the sublime movement initiated by the old Society—a movement for the redemption of the millions of our slaves by the renovation of still more millions of our enslavers—a movement so vast that we cannot grasp it in its various issues on this country and the world—to leave all this out of sight, when I come back to myself, and remember what it has done for me, personally, I cannot but do it honour.

It first delivered me from the grasp of that old, hoary-headed hypocrite, the Colonization Society, which had received in the quiet ignorance of my childhood and early youth.

Again, it tore off the mask from those whose words had been to me authority, and whom I had regarded as statesmen and patriots, when, lo! a set of self-seeking demagogues were sacrificing their country's honour and glory, and making her a hissing and a byword in the nations, merely for the advancement of their own party ends.

And yet, again, it relieved me from that anguish of soul which had cried for years, "What shall I do to be saved?" but failed to hear any answer in the orthodox mummeries of the Church. Your Society gave a clear and distinct answer, not so much in words as in deeds, "Love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Its comment on the text was simple: To love God is not to bow down and worship graven or molten images, or imaginary beings, but to love Him is to love his attributes, mercy, justice, truth, with all thy heart, and hence to sacrifice every selfish consideration to the advancement of these. To love thy neighbour as thyself is to do unto others as you would others should do unto you. These principles, received into the soul, crucify its selfishness, and it is saved by a present salvation from the dominion of selfishness, which, alone, is sin.

And yet, still again, it gave me an opportunity to assert, in person, some of those rights of humanity, which had been denied to woman, and for which I had, from a child, most earnestly contended whenever an opportunity offered.

But I must not longer multiply words. I sat down to give a hasty answer to your note, so I will only say further—God bless the old Pioneer Society! And it is, and must be blessed; for mercy is its name—and

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

O! then we will continue to give money, reputation, life's energies, life itself, all things, for the slave's sake, knowing, most surely, and now from our own experience, that we shall receive, in return, more than all these, even life eternal, which to us is no cant term, but comprehends all good. Yours to the end, ABBY K. FOSTER.

LETTER FROM JOSHUA COFFIN, ESQ.

NEWBURY, Jan. 1, 1857.

DEAR SIR: I have delayed answering your invitation to the Festival till this moment, in hopes that I should be able to leave here to-morrow. I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to unite with you in such a celebration; but I cannot come, and I say it with great regret. Of the twelve persons who signed the Constitution of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, on the evening of Jan. 6, 1832, two, at least, are numbered with the dead, viz., Isaac Knapp and W. J. Snelling. I believe that Henry K. Stockton is not living, and I have no knowledge where Stillman B. Newcomb is. The others are Robert B. Hall, John E. Fuller, Rev. Moses Thacher, Arnold Buffum, Benj. C. Bacon, Oliver Johnson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Joshua Coffin—all of whom are, I hope, among the living, and faithful to their principles.

With many thanks to the Committee for their kind invitation, and with increasing detestation of the whole accursed system of American slavery, I remain,

Very truly, yours, JOSHUA COFFIN.

A Happy New Year to you and all.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents, then took the chair, at the request of Mr. Garrison, who was suffering from a severe cold, and unable, he said, to fulfil the duties of the chair on such an occasion.

Mr. Quincy, after a very felicitous introductory speech, called up, successively, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Wendell Phillips, James Freeman Clarke, T. W. Higginson, J. A. Andrew, Wm. C. Nell, Parker Pillsbury, Charles C. Burleigh and Wm. F. Channing, whose addresses occupied the time until a late hour, when, having voted to publish the proceedings in pamphlet form, the company separated with general felicitation in view of the results of the festival.

[We had expected to give our readers, in this issue, at least the remarks of Messrs. Quincy, Garrison and Johnson, but the slips received from *The Liberator* being incomplete, we are compelled to postpone them, together with the remainder of the proceedings, till next week. Mr. Clarke's contribution was the following poem, a copy of which, with the author's revision, was fortunately received in time for the present issue.]

ORIGINAL POEM,

Read at the Festival held in Faneuil Hall, Jan. 2, 1857, in commemoration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

BY REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

As when the traveller, on an August day,
Climbs the steep sides of Rigi's mountain way,
And, scaling one huge shoulder of the hill,
Sees others, steeper yet, soar upward still;
Pausing to rest a moment, he may turn
To see below the blue sheet of Lucerne,
To mark the Bernese peaks in snowy line,
Or where, on purple hills, white *chalets* shine;
Above old Schwytz her granite mitres stand,
And Grutlis meadow marks th' historic land,—
The land whose equal stamp on Space and Time
Shows Man most manly, Nature most sublime.
'Tis but a moment—then he turns again,
Onward and up, through colder heights to strain.

So ye, who labour up this steeper hill,
See mountainous errors soar above you still.
Yet stop a moment; looking back to-night,
Let Prospect, Aspect, Retrospect unite.

Few years have passed, counting as seasons roll,
But ages, reckoning by the thought and soul,
Since, o'er the sleeping land, the watchman's cry
Startled at first the tranquil midnight sky.
The watchman, an obscure young man, whose sheet
Was hardly heard of in the nearest street—
His tower, a room and printing press; but *where*,
The police could not find for Boston's Mayor.
But one great truth had fixed his soul like fate,
One cruel wrong aroused his righteous hate;
And from his firm, calm lips there came one word—
"I AM IN EARNEST, AND I WILL BE HEARD."

And wherefore not? what cause had we to fear?
This simple question why refuse to hear?
For why? he only asks, in accents grave,
"Is *'t right* or *wrong* to hold a man a slave?"
Oh, Christian nation, bred in Jesus' school!
Is it according to the golden rule?
Oh, Freedom-loving race, Oh, patriot people,
Who, on July the fourth, from every steeple
Peal forth to slumbering ears, at earliest dawn,
That all mankind for liberty are born,
And by ten thousand orators declare
All men made equal, all made free as air—
He merely asks in sad sincerity—
"Are *negroes* men? If so, are they born free?"

This question asked, the first replies which came,
Were yells, and oaths, and buildings wrapt in flame,
Brave Lovejoy's corpse, the printing press torn down,
Free lecturers hunted forth, from town to town,
The South, one raging mob, his life demanding,
And *here*, *our* mob "of property and standing."

"What strange results from such a cause to spring!"
A match, my friend, is quite a little thing;
But take it to a powder-house, I fear
Your neighbours would be apt to interfere:—
Now in these simple words a match was seen,
And Slavery is *our* Powder Magazine.

These methods failing, softer ones were tried,
And mild, persuasive arguments applied;
Then shouted forth from each pro-slavery speaker
Torrents of twaddle, wit than water weaker.
It seemed as if to our tormented shores,
All Noodledom had sent its troop of bores.
That plan almost succeeded; on that page
The Muse of History writes your martyr age;
No nerves but yours could ever have gone through it;
Brick-bats and rotten eggs were nothing to it.

What well-known phrases rise from other years,
When *Noodles'* speeches droned upon our ears!
"What has the North to do with slavery, sir?
The subject is too delicate, I aver—
We *must* stop talking on this dangerous theme;
Besides, the slaves are happy, as I deem—
Slavery they much enjoy, (though, by the way,
We want a law to catch the runaway.)
If not for Abolition, as I know,
Kentucky would have freed them long ago;
The North's to blame for all this agitation,
'Twill ruin trade and overturn the nation.
The South hates slavery; 'tis an institution
Was given them by the British Constitution.
You don't hear any slaveholder defend it,
(Though Texas was annexed, I hear, to extend it.)
The Compromises must be kept intact,
(Till the South choose to pass th' Nebraska act,)
Be National—the Union we must save—
The only way is to send back a slave.
'Twill be dissolved, and that will be your fault,
For 'tis as soluble as sugar and salt;
Or, rather, it is like that glassy bubble,
Which, Prior says, gave sages so much trouble;
You break the smallest piece, the whole will fly,
And all our wits are cracked to find out why."

Dark times have been—but not a darker day
Than when our Star from Heaven fell away—
That burning lamp of mind, in whose great light
Our souls rejoiced, and grew themselves more bright.
Then for a season Darkness fell around;
The South had made our homes its hunting ground.
One "chicken-little panic" shook the land,
And Union-savers swarmed on every hand.
Darkness was on the State. In timid haste
All Freedom's holy landmarks were displaced.
Darkness was on the Church. Grave Doctors saw
Man's worst enactments higher than God's Law.
Darkness was on the Courts. Our Judges bent
'Neath Slavery's chain as to their bench they went;
And in Convention both great parties joined
To vote a padlock for the human mind.
Evil must stand for good, and sour for sweet,
While Truth lay gagged, and in her winding-sheet,
What lightning smote that gloom? A woman's pen
Shook souls, and turned our cowards into men,
Inspired, if God did ever soul inspire,
Th' electric spark flashed down her golden lyre.
The land had voted, for the sake of peace,
All talk of slavery must hereafter cease:
Great men, large parties, in that vote combined;—
She wrote—and set a-talking all mankind.

If any ask—"WHAT GOOD? What have you done?"
Reply—"This good—God's judgment has begun;
Before His awful throne, a-blaze with light,
The goats go leftward, and the sheep go right.
Each church, each man, self-sentenced, takes his stand,
Or on the one, or on the other hand.
The Good and Honour in each noble heart,
Sooner or later choose the generous part;
While Fear and Greed, by some strange influence drawn,
Face, in full view, the bright Auroral dawn.
Thus, while a Beecher's freedom-loving heart
Leaps o'er his crumbling creed to take his part,
With equal haste a Lord and Adams go
Plunging like plummets, to the depths below;
Swift to declare their sympathy with wrong,
To excuse the tyrant, and defend the strong—
Noah's drunken curse to quote as argument,
And search God's word for each bad precedent.

They to their place!—let them *their* work pursue—
A happier sphere, dear friends, is granted you.
While firm for right and freedom, well you know
You're one with God's true church, above, below;
One with all generous bards, whose noble strain
In the lowliest homes God's kingdom finds again,
All the romance of life surrounds this sphere,
And all its heroism clusters here.
And as the stream just formed of little rills,
Backwards and forwards winds amongst the hills,
Now lost in meadows, hidden now between
O'erhanging shadows in the dark ravine,
Yet still it joins its sister streams, and grows
Into a river, widening as it goes,
And bearing navies on its ample breast,
By some vast city finds its ocean-rest:
So this great movement for the rights of man,
Which like that creeping meadow-rill began,
Shall surely pour its ample flood along,
Greeted with thankful love and rapturous song.
When?—how?—we know not, but in darkest night
Await the morning, and God's coming light.

MR. BUCHANAN AND KANSAS.—The Washington *Union*, in commenting upon some remarks in a Lancaster (Pa.) paper, declaring that no person has any authority to speak for Mr. Buchanan as to his policy in relation to Kansas, says:

"In connection with the foregoing, *we have the approval of Mr. Buchanan in saying that the following extract, from the Southside Democrat, states correctly his position:*

"'As for Kansas, Mr. Buchanan has never expressed an opinion, either one way or the other, in favour of its coming in as a free or a slave State. He has prudently conceived that it is a matter with which he has nothing to do, and with which he does not mean to meddle. It is a question exclusively *with the people of the Territory, with whom he is content to leave it for solution.* He will *see to it* that the principles of the Nebraska law are carried out, in letter and spirit, *impartially*, and without fear, favour or affection.'"

We doubt if any reader of this paper ever expected Mr. Buchanan would make any other declaration than this, which is precisely the policy by which the present Administration has professed to be governed. But we have just as little doubt that there are a great many people who will be taken in by such declarations, and believe, to the end, that they mean what they seem. Kansas is now, and has been for the last two years, according to the doctrine of the Democratic party, left to be governed by her own people. If they do not, by the same means that have answered their purpose so far, make it a slave State, it will only be because they can do better for the Slave Power, by some sort of a compromise which, if it gives Kansas to the North, will give some equivalent to the South half-a-dozen times over.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Fair was held in the Large Saloon of the Assembly Buildings, on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th of December.

The Receipts were	$2,177 20
Expenses	376 95
Balance	1,800 25

The Committee report with much satisfaction the result of their labours this year. As in times past, they have proved successful.

Besides the Tables furnished by friends in the City, there were others supplied by Norristown, Germantown, Cheltenhills, Wakefield, Newtown, Bristol, Chester Co., Byberry, Abington and New Jersey. Contributions were received from Kimberton, Lawrenceville, Downingtown, Keanett, Longwood, Christiana, Media, Milton, Salem and Staten Island.

We also received, through the liberality of our coadjutors in Boston, beautiful and rare articles from Europe, which commanded a ready sale. A very acceptable donation of £10 was received from a friend in London.

Even after the great outlay of money made by many in the political campaign through which the country has just passed, there were still hands and hearts to contribute funds to aid in spreading before the people the radical doctrines of the Abolitionists, whose watchwords are, "Immediate Emancipation," "No Union with Slaveholders."

Those who were among the earliest labourers in this department of anti-slavery work, felt cheered by the earnest and effective cooperation of many who have grown up under the influence of our organizations, giving promise that labourers shall not fall till the wrongs and agonies of the slave shall cease.

Also from the south-land came *one* identified by birth and education with the slaveholder, and by legal relations with the slave as his owner, to work with us and to testify to the truthfulness of the principles which we advocate; to assure us, by the cheerful personal sacrifices made to carry them out, that we are not demanding more of the master than his own conscience, enlightened by the Spirit of God, acknowledges to be just, and therefore obligatory on him to practise.

Great interest was added to the occasion by addresses delivered on two evenings by Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The Committee would urge early and energetic labour for the Fair of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Seven.

On behalf of the Committee, SARAH PUGH,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,
MARGARETTA FORTEN.

LETTER FROM A. M. POWELL.

To the Editors of The Standard.

IN passing through Northern New York, on the line of the Northern (Ogdensburgh) railroad, one is very often reminded of life in the pioneer districts of the West. Log houses are frequent, orchards are scarce, stumps are abundant, the forests are dense and heavy, and lumber constitutes the most important item of trade. There are very few wheat fields, the farmers relying mainly upon the dairy business as a means of support. Westward from the Adirondac Mountains the country is moderately rolling, in some places quite level, and is supplied with water by occasional small and large creeks, or *rivers*, as the inhabitants call them. The Rackett River, which has its rise among the Adirondacs and flows into the St. Lawrence, is one of the most interesting in our State, and abounds in beautiful scenery.

Subsequent to our meetings at Plattsburg we had appointments at Champlain, Malone, Potsdam and Ogdensburg. C. L. and Sarah P. Remond fulfilled the appointment at Champlain, and had, I believe, a good meeting.

Susan B. Anthony and myself attended meetings at Malone, a pleasantly located village, containing perhaps two thousand inhabitants, and which is the county town of Franklin County. We had not as large audiences as we could have desired, but had, for the most part, a very attentive and respectful hearing. The meetings were made up, to a considerable extent, of women and children. Voters were scarce, and seemed very shy of us; especially were *Republicans* unwilling to be identified with us. At the close of the meetings, a gentleman, until recently connected with the Buchanan press, introduced himself to me, saying that he had taken a friendly interest in our meetings, and had urged their citizens to give us a hearing; also, that as I had spoken with severity, as he thought, of the "Democratic" party, he would give me a list of the voters present. It was as follows: Democrats, eight; Republicans, four; Americans, three.

On Sunday, an Agent of the American Bible Society held meetings in the place, which tended to lessen the number in attendance at ours on Sunday evening. The several churches extended cordial fellowship to the Bible Agent, whose Society receives into its treasury the price of God's image, as sold in the market, with cattle and swine. It sends the Bible to the heathen abroad, gives it to *some* "families" at home, but denies it to the "nation of heathen in our very midst," the four millions of slaves. To the Agent of such a Society the churches were freely opened, and abundant hospitality proffered. We, as Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, could not obtain a church in which to hold our meetings, but were obliged to hire a Hall, and to find entertainment at a Hotel. The slave who has "fallen among thieves," also those who espouse his cause, the religious and political "Pharisees," as of old, coolly pass by "on the other side."

We believe from the interest manifested by most of those who attended our meetings that a good work was accomplished, also that a good opening will have been made for any meetings we may desire to hold there in the future.

At Potsdam we were joined in Convention by the Remonds, and had very good meetings. We found living near, an old co-labourer of Mr. Garrison's, Mr. SILAS LEONARD, formerly of Quincy, Mass., who had made excellent arrangements for the meetings, and had left nothing undone by which he could contribute to their success.

Our friend Mr. Leonard presiding, we held three sessions, which were very well attended by intelligent and interesting audiences.

The editor of the *Northern Freeman* (Republican) gave friendly notice of our meetings, and extended the hospitalities of his home to Mr. and Miss Remond. We are also indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson for liberal hospitality. For the timely and valuable cooperation of Mr. Leonard and Mrs. Leonard, we are specially grateful. C. L. and S. P. Remond held a subsequent meeting in the village, also one or two in an adjoining neighbourhood, with good effect.

Potsdam has a good location for business enterprise, and is in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the Racket River.—Wendell Phillips is engaged to lecture in their Lyceum course, the present season. It is a good field for the labours of the American Anti-Slavery Society—ours I trust will have made an auspicious beginning.

Our last appointment of the series was at Ogdensburg. Our meetings here were held in Lyceum Hall, which is occupied on the Sabbath by an independent, liberal congregation, whose pastor is Rev. D. H. Lee.

Prior to the commencement of our meetings we were doomed to again witness manifestations of the hateful spirit of prejudice against colour. Arriving in town in advance, upon the recommendation of a friend, entertainment was engaged for Miss Anthony and myself, also for Mr. and Miss Remond, at Webster's Boarding House. When the Remonds arrived, because of their complexion they were unceremoniously denied the entertainment which had been fairly engaged for them, and were obliged to turn from the doors. Miss Anthony and myself refused to remain where our friends could not be received, only on account of colour. An unpretending hotel was found willing to receive us. The Websters, so far from having "conquered their prejudices," as their illustrious namesake once advised, were, in this instance, "conquered" *by* prejudice. Their house is the home of Hon. Preston King, the prospective U. S. Senator from this State.

Our audiences here, though limited in numbers, were of an intelligent and interesting character. They were the more limited in size in consequence of the intensely cold weather, as well as on account of the general fear of Abolitionists.

Ogdensburg is very much of a commercial town. I apprehend that Theodore Parker would recognise in a considerable portion of its inhabitants the class which he sometimes describes as showing the "multiplication-table" *in their faces.*

Our meetings were made up mainly from Mr. Lee's congregation. He is to Ogdensburg what Higginson is to Worcester, Mayo to Albany, or Frothingham to Jersey City. He is a man of true culture, of excellent spirit, and is doing a good work for Humanity and the true religion.

The beauty and interest of the location of the town upon the banks of the justly celebrated river St. Lawrence is seldom equalled. Victoria's dominions are broadly and handsomely spread out to view on the opposite side of the river. Yours truly, A. M. POWELL.

PRISONERS AT A PARTY.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Lawrence, Dec. 27th, gives us the following interesting facts:

"The most interesting event of the 'Christmas holidays' was a party given to the convicted Free State prisoners at Lecompton. These twenty-one sufferers in the Kansas cause are beginning to have a better time of it now that they are convicted. As an instance of this, we have the rather unprecedented occurrence of convicts invited to and attending parties. This opens up a new feature in criminal jurisprudence, and certainly was never contemplated by the bogus Legislature. If this is to be regarded as precedent, and there is to be any guarantee of its continuance, there will be fun in felony in Kansas. From being treated with almost unheard-of brutality to being permitted thus to enjoy themselves on parole of honour, is certainly a very striking change; and they who suffered even while there was no writ nor indictment against them, and who realize the benefits of a kind and considerate policy, after having been declared guilty of the most heinous crimes, can speculate on the changing disposition of the powers that be, and the funny inconsistencies of Kansas justice. Mr. Hampton, keeper of the convicts, accompanied them to Lawrence, but that, of course, was merely a form. The convicts were generally in good spirits. They had hopes in promises made to them through Mr. Hampton (who is a strong Geary man) that they would soon be released. This person has told them to have implicit confidence in the Governor, and all would soon be right.

"Unluckily all of the Free State prisoners are not at Lecompton, and those who are not do not fare so well. It would be in bad taste to be splenetic at the Governor's good treatment of these prisoners. I think it is the first sincere indication of a change of policy. It will not do to regard it as the continuation of a fixed policy.

"As a airiking offset to this, I have to record a new and startling feature in Kansas affairs. In my last I mentioned the conviction of a pro-slavery man, named Cushing, for murdering another pro-slavery man. He has been sentenced for twenty years in the penitentiary, or, in lieu of it, the chain gang. In pursuance of his sentence he actually wears the 'chain and ball,' which has been affixed to his person. Thus, under the present dispensation, begins this exercise of ignominy, and its victim being a pro-slavery man is prophetic.

"The pro-slavery men of the Territory can have little sympathy in the case of Cushing, but affairs are reaching a significant point which they are too shrewd not to observe. Gov. Geary has almost committed the unpardonable sin with them. It is clearly evident that something must be done or they will lose ground. The mutterings of the pro-slavery thunder are not loud, but deep, and will break with more noise at the Pro-Slavery Convention to be holden on the 10th of next month."

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—The *Christian Inquirer*, the Unitarian paper of this city, announces the retirement of the Rev. John Parkman, who has been its editor for the last two years, and the accession to that place of the Rev. Mr. Livermore, late of Cincinnati. Mr. Parkman has conducted the paper with great ability and liberality, and his loss must be much regretted by the *Inquirer's* readers. Mr. Livermore, however, brings to his new duties a high reputation as a scholar and writer.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE assembled on Tuesday. In the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor SELDEN took the chair. In the House, Hon. De Witt C. Littlejohn, of Oswego, was elected Speaker, and William Richardson, of Albany, Clerk.

The Governor's Message is mainly devoted to State affairs. His remarks on the slavery question and the issues of the recent election will be found in another column.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the National Woman's Rights Convention, lately held in this city, including the speeches of Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, Ernestine L. Rose, Wendell Phillips and others, have been published in pamphlet form and are for sale at this office, price 25 cents. It is worthy of a wide circulation. The reporter, Wm. H. Burr, has performed his task with remarkable fidelity.

For The Anti-Slavery Standard.

EPIGRAM.

Written after reading The Standard of Jan. 3d.

WE read, that "a *Quincy* to *Byles*" was preferr'd,
Of old, by a nice-judging dame:
As I coun'd our last "STANDARD," to me it occurr'd,
"Are not '*Quincy*' and '*Byles*' both *the same?*"

Jan. 3, 1857. N. J.

Summary.

The Washington Correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says:

"Mr. Lewis Worcester, who charged Gen. Wilson with advising slaves to cut their masters' throats, was ejected from the Washington House by the proprietress, last Tuesday. It appears that public opinion is giving him his deserts."

The Boston *Journal* reports Antioch College, Ohio, of which Horace Mann is President, as being in a flourishing condition, and fast rising above financial difficulties. The experiment of admitting female students is a great success. It has been found that the female students actually diminish the labours of the teachers.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher received during New Years Day about 800 calls—each person entering his name in a book provided for the purpose, as is his custom on these occasions. The venerable Lyman Beecher, who is on a visit to his son, was present throughout most of the day, and enjoyed the occasion very much. He is in vigorous health, and was an object of great interest and veneration.

Mr. Peabody, of London, now on a visit to this country, made another munificent donation for the benefit of his former fellow-citizens in Danvers, namely: For the maintenance of the Library of the Institute, $1,200 a year during the remainder of his life. For the establishment of a Branch Library in Danvers (formerly North-Danvers), the sum of $10,000.

DEATH OF THE "ANGEL GABRIEL."—The "Angel Gabriel"—properly called John Sayers Orr—is no more. Late intelligence from Demerara announces his decease at the penal settlement in that colony, in November. His disease was dysentery—his age about 35. Orr was well known in New York. Two or three years ago he was a noted street character in this city.

Negroes are held at high "rates" in Virginia. A recent sale of the blacks belonging to the estate of Alexander Moore, deceased, of Halifax County, shows that the prices were unprecedented. One man, aged 22 years, brought $1,468; another one, of the same age, $1,425; one 20 years old, $1,488; a girl, 17 years old, sold for $1,260; a boy, 9 years old, $900; one, 10 years, $980. The number sold was forty-six, varying in ago from 4 to 75 years. The sum of the sales was $32,324—making an average of $703,70.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.—The following remark occurs in a speech delivered by Wm. B. Gaulden, of Georgia, in a recent Southern Convention:

"Away with this cant—I, for one, am willing to take this world as the Almighty has made it, with his decrees and ordinances, and if there be one decree which stands out in bolder relief than another on the book of nature, it is that one part of the human race must be the slaves of the other, and that all men are not born free and equal, Thomas Jefferson to the contrary notwithstanding."

SOUTHERN RICHES.—The South Carolina *Times* says that Dougherty County, in Georgia, claims to be the richest County in the Union, excepting those containing the great cities. "If the property was equally divided out, each voter in the County would be a considerable farmer, with nine slaves valued at $5,000 and $10,000 worth of land to work them on." The wealth of this rich County consists of: Land, $1,781,887; money out at interest, $650,000; city property, $960,000; merchandise, $125,000; and $2,280,912 worth of slaves. But, valuing white labourers at no higher rate than the market price of slaves, the poorest County in this State would be immeasurably richer than Dougherty County in Georgia. There is a marvelous difference between the value of the merchandise and the slaves, which is like Falstaff's penny's worth of bread to his intolerable quantity of sack. $125,000 in merchandise, to over $2,000,000 worth of negroes does not indicate a state of prosperity worth boasting of. The King of Ashantee, if he were to make out a schedule of his property, would probably make a very similar exhibit of effects. There are hundreds of merchants in New York, who have more merchandise in their store than this rich County in Georgia can boast of.—*Times.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE.—New York: Redfield. When Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" passed through its multifarious editions, we hoped that the appetite for such publications would be completely satiated. It did not then seem possible that another anti-slavery novel could be written, which would possess originality and be equal to Mrs. Stowe's production. We were mistaken. The thirst for such publications is perhaps greater at the present moment than ever before, and the "Autobiography of a Female Slave," just published by Redfield, shows that there is yet a deeper depth of anti-slavery fiction to which the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin had not attained, and that it is possible to produce an anti-slavery novel of infinitely greater merit as a literary production and of vastly deeper infamy as a total misrepresentation of African slavery in the South than anything that has yet been published.

The "Autobiography of a Female Slave" is published anonymously, but is evidently the work of a female writer, and the dialogues in the negro dialect are far more true to nature than any we have yet seen. The writer displays an unusual accuracy of knowledge of the dispositions of our slaves, but falls into the same error committed by all the anti-slavery authors. The negroes are made for the most part types of moral excellence and physical beauty. They are represented generally as saints and angels, while the whites, except the Abolition emissaries, are painted blacker than the devil himself in wanton cruelty, selfishness and depravity.

The great demerit of this, as well as all other publications of this character, is the selection of isolated cases of cruelty in the South, instances which are as truly condemned by the great mass of slaveholders as by the negrophilists of the North, and the classification of all such outrages to constitute a picture of Southern slave life. This is as infamously unjust as it would be for us to select incidents from among the outcasts of society in New York, the vilest characters in the most miserable dens of the "Five Points," and represent them as types of social life in the Northern States.

The tone of this book is exceedingly objectionable; it is filled with the foulest abolitionism that has ever been uttered. It contains the concentrated fanaticism of Garrison and Beecher and Phillips and Fred. Douglass, but the story itself is full of thrilling interest and artistic finish. It is the production of a practised pen. It abounds in beautiful thoughts and highly poetic expressions. Considered merely as a literary production, independent of its gross misrepresentations, false theories, and most disgusting ultra anti-slavery aspirations, it evinces a high order of talent and literary genius. We much regret to witness such a perversion of ability. We are pained to see a great genius thus grovelling in the mire of fanaticism and soiling its brilliant plumage with the filth of ultra-abolitionism.

There are incidents interwoven in the story which will be recognised by many of our readers as exaggerated statements of events that have transpired in our own city within a few years past; and the descriptions of some of the minor personages introduced, although greatly distorted and perverted, are evidently intended for some who have been and others who are residents of this city.

This book will doubtless have even a greater run than any of its predecessors. It will be read at the North and in England because it panders more than any other book that has yet been published, to the anti-slavery prejudices which are there epidemic. It will be read in the South to see how much more slanderous a publication than Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" can possibly be conceived.

It is only to be regretted that the writer has made it so fascinating that every one will want to read it, but while its readers will be charmed with the highly artistic performance and the literary excellence of the story, they cannot fail to be thoroughly disgusted with the effort to represent its details as a picture of slave life in the South.—*Louisville Journal.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 15th of 12th mo., 1856, in Upper Oxford Township, Chester County, Rachel Hambleton, in the 95th year of her age.

Although the life of this venerated parent and friend has been prolonged to a good old age, her virtuous deeds seem to make the event of her departure one that is calculated to inspire the intelligent and benevolent mind with feelings of admiration and hope, well worthy our remembrance in all coming time.

The remarkable traits in her character were not those of the public orator, but those which shone most conspicuous in the more secluded walks of life. Possessing a healthy and vigorous constitution, endowed with large benevolence and conscientiousness, she was peculiarly adapted, while in the meridian of life, to administer to the wants of suffering humanity in the domestic circle. Many a sleepless hour, after the cares of her own household were disposed of, has she devoted to her friends and neighbours in endeavouring to alleviate their pains and sufferings while on the agonizing bed of sickness. Her sympathies were alike frequently enlisted for the poor and the indigent, upon whom she bestowed liberally of her means, according to their merited wants. She often manifested a deep concern lest the poor labourer would not be properly recompensed for his toil and industry.

She was reared and educated in the religious Society of Friends, but her religion was of such a character as not to be confined within the narrow precincts of any religious sect. It was as broad as the universe and as expansive as all mankind. In the years twenty-six and seven, when the first dissensions took place in the religious Society to which she belonged, she was deeply concerned lest its members should care more for their rituals and ceremonies than for the *true* and *vital* part of religion, which administered to the wants and necessities of the suffering, the needy, and the afflicted. Although she remained with that portion of the Society known as Orthodox, in unison with her beloved husband, she was, nevertheless strongly imbued with a feeling that there was no essential cause for a division. Her trials at this eventful period were of no ordinary character. The separation in the Society caused in many instances a like division of sentiment in the family circle; this was the case in her own much beloved family, but during all her trials and tribulations she strove to admonish each and every one to strictly adhere to their own convictions of duty. Thus, by her virtuous deeds and exemplary actions, she contributed largely toward smoothing the pathway of her dear partner and loving offspring.

Having advanced to quite an old age when the different associations for the amelioration of the condition of the slave and inebriate were instituted, she never identified herself personally with any of these, but her aspirations and oft-repeated expressions were that they might be productive of the great end for which they were organized. There were but few who felt more keenly or contributed more willingly to the wants of the flying bondman, while passing from the land of chains to that of freedom. In her last years she evinced a strong desire that our country might speedily be relieved from one of its *greatest* and *blackest* crimes, that of slavery. For a considerable length of time she bore a practical testimony against the use of the unrequited labour of the slave.

Having used the article of tobacco in younger life, about the eightieth year of her age she became very much dissatisfied with the practice and entirely abandoned its use, which was a source of great comfort to her during the remainder of her days.

Her natural endowments were such that she seemed to appreciate, in a remarkable degree, the sufferings and afflictions of those around her; but when it became her lot to be the victim of similar afflictions, she was resigned and seemed disposed to suffer almost beyond the power of endurance without murmur or complaint. So peculiar was she in this particular that, while on her death-bed, she at various times expressed to those around her the deep sympathy she felt for some of her near neighbours and friends who were then confined upon the sick-bed.

Though age had marked its foot-prints upon the furrowed cheek and silvered brow, it had not (only to a very limited extent) obscured the intellect or destroyed that strong desire for the social enjoyments which were so characteristic in younger life. She was ever fond of the company and the society of the young, and, especially in her last years, she would often give strong demonstrations of her great enjoyment while in their presence.

Having the social organs developed in such an eminent degree, she could not fail to win the warm respect and admiration of a large circle of acquaintances, with whom it was her happy lot frequently to mingle.

As a natural result, emanating from so virtuous and self-sacrificing a life, when passing events foretold that the curtain must soon be drawn over this transitory scene, she ever appeared resigned and reconciled to her lot, giving the most ample assurance of a happy and blissful Eternity.

Upper Oxford, 12 mo. 31st, 1856.

Donations to the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society

For the Quarter ending December 31st, 1856.

Joel Fisher,	$ 1 00	Thomas Hambleton,	$ 5 00
Wm. A. Speakman,	5 00	" "	5 00
E. H. Corson,	5 00	Vashil Locke,	2 00
Charles Hambleton,	2 00

Miscellaneous Department.

WINTER.

BY THE REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I.

WHITE ermine now the mountains wear,
To shield their naked shoulders bare.

II.

The dark pine wears the snow, as head
Of Æthiop doth white turban wear.

III.

The floods are armed with silver shields,
Through which the Sun's sword can not fare:

IV.

For he who in the mid heaven rode,
In golden arms, on golden chair—

V.

Now through small corner of the sky
Creeps low, nor warms the foggy air.

VI.

To mutter 'twixt their teeth the streams,
In icy fetters, scarcely dare.

VII.

Hushed is the busy hum of life;
'Tis silence in the earth and air.

VIII.

From mountain issues the gaunt wolf,
And from its forest-depths the bear.

IX.

Where is the garden's beauty now?
The thorn is here; the rose, ho, where?

X.

The trees, like giant skeletons,
Wave high their fleshless arms and bare—

XI.

Or stand like wrestlers stripped and bold,
And strongest winds to battle dare.

XII.

It seems a thing impossible
That earth its glories should repair:

XIII.

That ever this bleak world again
Should bright and beauteous mantle wear—

XIV.

Or sounds of life again be heard
In this dull earth and vacant air.

HOOPS, SKIRTS AND CRINOLINES.

"If I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it."—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE grand ball, to be given by the Republicans at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, naturally suggests some reflections upon the leading topic of the day, the inordinate dimensions of ladies' skirts, an article which will enter largely into the Academy on that occasion.

Not three years ago, a hooped skirt was a novelty to the ladies of this country. Inventions of divers kinds—bustles, starch and numerous thicknesses of cloth—were employed to give that graceful expansion to the figure below the waist so much desired by the fair sex, but in vain. Bustles did not exactly answer the purpose, starch was a very unsatisfactory expedient, and the multitude of skirts was a positive evil, interfering with the freedom and grace of movement, and impairing the health of the wearer. Still something must be done. There is not one woman in ten thousand, who, like Rachel, shows to advantage in the simple limber drapery of the classic ages, and who can walk about apparently unencumbered by her flowing skirts. A happy accident brought relief. To the Empress of the French was it reserved to revive the hooped skirts—a fashion which had subsided for many years before the unceasing assaults of the wits and gallants who took a dislike to it.

No one can have forgotten the censures which it provoked in the days of Addison. "I consider woman," says the great essayist, "a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast his skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot and swan shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature shall furnish out its share toward the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it."

There were other reasons, besides popular satire and ridicule, which contributed to the downfall of the monstrous hoops of former times. They were as heavy with cordage and buckram as the multiplicity of skirts which they supplanted. Their unwieldiness and expansiveness must also have helped to drive them from the fashion.

Fortunately, the inventive genius of our age has supplied the defects and removed most of the objections which were chargeable to the hooped skirts of an earlier pattern. The skirts which are manufactured by Messrs. Douglas and Sherwood, of this city, combine lightness with strength and flexibility, to a degree which can hardly be exceeded. Not long since a "skeleton skirt" was sent by mail from their establishment, folded up in a letter envelope, weighing only four ounces, and yet, on being taken out, it was found as good as new—bursting open and expanding its bell-shaped proportions like a fresh-blown morning-glory, and exhibiting the elastic tension of a well-spread umbrella. Such is the convenience of wearing them, that the first woman of this country thus emancipated from her swaddling clothes—a woman over eighty years of age—confessed that she never had enjoyed the free use of her limbs before.

The styles of skirts are quite numerous, varying in shape, size and cost. Not less than seventy-five kinds are sold at the establishment referred to, the wholesale prices range from six dollars to seventy-five a dozen. There are, for example, the Skeleton skirt, several varieties of the Zephyr skirt, the La Grange skirt, the Congress, La Sylphide and the Union skirt. Silk, muslin, haircloth, cactus-cloth, and other materials, are employed in their manufacture, besides the tape, cord, bone and steel which are needed to give them their set. In the matter of hoops, a general preference is expressed for the round whalebone, which, when boiled in oil, loses that brittleness which has been the main objection to its use. Some, however, prefer steel, and others insist upon cord, which, with crinoline, constitutes a sort of compromise fashion.

The most popular style of skirts at present appears to be the Union, the Skeleton and La Sylphide. The latter is a simple, tasteful article, bell-shaped, and in size a just medium between the ungraceful straight petticoat, with its folds collapsing round the hips and legs, and the full-blown ultra mode which is such annoyance to the wearers' companions in the theatre or the omnibus. It has three bones the length of which is fifty-six inches at the top, seventy-four in the middle, and ninety-five at the bottom. These are considered the proper proportions, though we have seen some skirts at Genin's which, at the lower bone, measure no less than one hundred and fifteen inches in circumstance. As for the number of hoops, tastes differ. Some ladies go as high as six, while few are content with less than two.

The skirts most universally worn last Summer were the "Skeleton Skirts." They were first made of round whalebone hoops, held together by tape; but these were complained of as being apt to trip up the wearer. A deep border of muslin was then added, which rendered them all that could be desired. Their great merit consisted in their extreme lightness. During the busy season, three thousand a day were made of this kind alone. Another style is called "the Union skirt." It is made of white or dark cloth, with the lower part quilted in large diamonds, finished round the bottom with jute cord. Above the quilting is a whalebone hoop, and about a quarter of a yard above that, another. The back is then finished by three small hoops of whalebone, which form skirts one above another and extend over the hips. These are joined by tapes a quarter of a yard in length, which are suspended from the front of the binding and attached to the hoop in front of the skirt.

In regard to hoops, we are told that every day adds something to the novelties which are said to combine all the advantages, with none of the difficulties, of those which preceded them. The gutta-percha hoops, a late invention, have proved quite impracticable in wearing. They break immediately, and will not bear stretching twice in one place. Another strong objection is the fact, that on becoming warm, they emit an unpleasant odour, which soon renders them intolerable. The steel hoops a still later production, are free from some of these objections, but are neither so elastic or flexible as the round whalebone boiled in oil, which is the best material for hoops we have seen. Made of very highly tempered steel, they are also very expensive, $6 each being the price asked for some, which were only of common materials. They are very apt to break, an example of which was afforded a few evenings since at one of Thalberg's concerts. A lady's steel hoop broke and sprung into her leg nearly an inch deep; the wound was very severe, and may make amputation necessary.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the business of making hooped skirts—a business scarcely three years old—is now carried on in this city. Messrs. Douglas and Sherwood, No. 343 Broadway, besides their establishments in Connecticut and other places, occupy three floors of a building in Broadway, two hundred feet deep and thirty wide, in the manufacture. In the busy season, three hundred girls (a charming congregation by the way, to the admirers of female beauty), earning from five and a half to ten dollars each week, are employed in cutting out and sewing skirts, three thousand of which are turned out in a day. One hundred and fifty of Wheeler and Wilson's sewing machines, and a variety of ingenious labour-saving inventions are constantly in play, so that *a single skirt is made in ten minutes.* We have known a husband enter the store, give an order for his wife's skirt, have it patterned and made, and receive it all done up and ready to be carried home before he had half smoked his segar.

A ton of cord is consumed in a week in the manufacture, and not less than $6,000 worth of whalebone in a month; and then what acres of muslin and crinoline—what lengths of thread and tape—what enormous quantities of little brazen tubes to unite the hoops, will in process of time be consumed, it has not entered into the head of man to estimate. The imagination fairly breaks down in the contemplation. Though the new fashion has not triumphed universally, it is irresistibly contagious. Wherever it is seen it is admired and adopted. Perhaps it is not extravagant to conjecture that the day may yet come when, secure in these moving towers of bone and steel, our invincible wives and daughters will laugh at the exploded theories of female frailty, and when every woman's petticoat will be her castle.

The impregnability of such a defence is thus illustrated by a Philadelphia poet:

ALL ABOUT HOOPS.
BY MANY LAYERS.

"It cannot be—it cannot be:
Fain would I grant the claimed kiss,
But, dearest, you must surely see
It can never be done in *this!*"

She pointed to her bristling dress,
With flounced outworks branching off,
Proof against every fond caress—
A silk and velvet Malakoff!

Full fifteen paces round about,
And full five paces through and through,
Ah me, she looked so very stout,
The slender one that once I knew!

I paced my lady round and round,
(Which seemed an endless task to do),
In hope some loop-hole might be found
Which storming Love might struggle thro'.

In vain, in vain—'twas perfect all;
She stood, "the Fashion of the day,"
Whose ramparts, bastion, tower and wall
Might hold beleaguering hosts at bay.

Curtained, and fringed, and fortified,
A whalebone "harness on her back,"
And tho' hemmed in on every side,
Intrenched securely from attack.

I compassed her about again,
Resolved to prove a firm adorer;
Found force and strategy in vain—
Laid siege to and sat down before her.

"Starving," I said, "won't make her thinner,
Sapping and mining must not be—
Alas, I've little hope to win her,
Unless she sallies out to me!"

So Ilium holds my Helen-kiss;
I, Greece, will ne'er retire without her,
But, battling daily for my bliss,
Will lie encamped ten years about her.

Finding, as falls each desperate cast,
That patience is the better force,
I trust to win the town at last—
The changing Modes my Wooden Horse!

There remains but one objection which can be advanced to the use of hooped skirts, and that is their inconvenience to gentlemen. This objection is by no means insurmountable, as several young gallants within our knowledge have acquired a knack of walking with a lady without experiencing the least trouble from her hoops. The way to do this must be learned mainly from practical experience, but we understand that Messrs. Douglass and Sherwood profess to be able to communicate the art to all who may desire instruction.

Our discussion of hooped skirts would not be complete without the publication of the following lines from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, by "A Cooper," which exhibit the subject in a professional point of view:

Hoops on barrels, kegs and pails,
Hoops on boxes, tubs and bales,
Are articles indispensable—
But hoops as they puff out woman's dress,
Making the *woman* so much less,
Are things most indefensible.

Hoops, when their sturdy clasp confines
In brown old casks the richest wines,
Are objects of admiration—
But hoops, as part of woman's baggage,
Are like the whoops of a painted savage—
A vile abomination.

Hoops make useful, pretty toys
For active little girls and boys;
But hoops on woman, gentle,
Are things to sneer at and to scoff,
And like the whoop of a whooping-cough,
Neither useful nor ornamental.

For while dear woman bones her skirts,
And with a skeleton flaunts and flirts,
She has so much to carry,
Man finds it hard with her to talk,
And harder still to sit or walk,
But hardest of all to marry.

For when a smitten wretch is seen,
Among the lost in crinoline,
The one his heart holds dearer,
Oh! what a chill to ardent passion,
To feel that, thro' this hollow fashion,
He never can be nearer!

That instead of timidly drawing near,
And pouring into the thrilling ear
The flood of his soul's devotion,
He must stand and bellow in thunder tones,
Across a half acre of skirts and bones,
As if hailing a ship on the ocean!

And if, by chance, the maid of his choice
Shall faintly hear her lover's voice,
And smile her condescension—
Why, he captures a mass of hoops and rings,
Skeletons, bones, and other things
Too horrible to mention.

Thus lovely woman hoops to folly,
And drives poor man to melancholy,
By her great frigid zones;
Then let her hear a warning voice,
Between her hoops and hopes make choice,
And gives the dogs her bones.

Some of the inconveniences of hoops not yet enumerated are thus presented in a recent number of the London *Punch*:

From our Fal-lal Correspondent amongst the superior classes.

ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.—On Tuesday last a lady of title, whose name has hitherto been kept a profound secret, whilst proceeding up the grand staircase of Sutherland House, to pay the amiable Duchess a visit, neglected, we are sorry to state, to take the customary precaution of walking up sideways. The consequence of her recklessness (which, it is to be hoped, will act as a warning to other ladies) was, that her dress, which *selon la mode*, was fully twice as broad as it was long, became so completely wedged in between the bannisters and the wall, that it was impossible for her to move either one way or the other.

Her ladyship's position was not one of the most agreeable in the world. It was, in fact, as alarming as it was awkward; for it was not a pin's point more practicable for her to advance, than it was to retreat. There she remained for some considerable period, perfectly immovable in body, though not unmoved in temper; and every minute of that prolonged agony will probably be recollected by the fair prisoner of Crinoline until the last day of her life, when she throws off the "mortal coil" of hoops and hen-cooped petticoats. Finding at last, her efforts to release herself from her ridiculous immurement perfectly ineffectual, the question naturally arose as to what had best to be done. Were the bannisters to be sawn away? or was a hole to be excavated in the wall, sufficiently large to describe a circle in which her ladyship could turn round and slide off? No: out of respect to the duchess, it was resolved by a council of elderly ladies, held on the landing, that it was far better that the dress should be cut away. Accordingly, half-a-dozen young milliners were fetched from Madame de Jupon's establishment in the neighbourhood, and, with the help of large scissors and garden shears, they set to work in good earnest, in order to clear the thoroughfare. During the operation, which was witnessed in the most breathless silence by a large crowd of European nobility, that owing to the passing impediment, had gathered behind, her ladyship was supported by burnt feathers being applied under her aquiline nose, and lumps of sugar dipped in eau-de-cologne being dropped into her mouth. However, owing to the distance caused by the circumference of her dress, these had to be inserted between a pair of tongs (of the brightest steel), and it was only by extending the tongs at arm's length that the restoratives could be introduced near enough to reach her exhausted person.

After severe labour, and the sacrifice of several yards of the most expensive *moire antique*, Madame de Jupon's assistants (who, if they had been female navigators, could not have worked with greater zeal or hardihood) succeeded in extricating the unfortunate lady from her distressing dilemma of solitary confinement. The difficulties they encountered in cutting through the innumerable strata of silk, whalebone, guimpure, foundation muslin, gauze, stiffening, calico, flannel, caoutchouc, and crinoline, would, we are told, if minutely related, send a thrill through the bosom of the stoutest engineer! The lady, considerably curtailed of her fair proportions, was carried home, more dead than alive, in a sedan chair. The ruins of the dress were removed in a cart. The stair-case is to be enlarged.

We do not know how we can close more appropriately these selections from the literature of skirts than with the following ghostly improvement of the theme, "By A Wretch":

THE SKELETON OF CRINOLINE.

Lines to a Young Lady, together with a Jupon Squelette.

Think, this present when thou wearest,
Fal, la, la!
Not on me—if aught thou carest
For the giver, lady fairest,
Lal, la, la!
Think of what thou hast about thee,
To expand thee and spread out thee,
There's the skeleton without thee,
Ha, ha, ha!

Think of this when thou art dancing
Fal, la, la!
With some trifler, him entrancing,
Where the chandeliers are glancing,
La, la, la!
Think, too, whilst soft gallants spin thee
Silken yarns, in hope to win thee,
There's a skeleton within thee,
Ha, ha, ha!

Then this gift, for all its lightness,
Fal, la, la!
Warn thee well, arrayed in brightness,
Not to lace with too much tightness,
La, la, la!
That thy waist may be a wonder,
Not to squeeze it half asunder,
Crushing so the bones thereunder!
Ha, ha, ha!

Whilst this garment, wide of measure,
Fal, la, la!
In the whirl of mirth and pleasure,
Shall encompass thee, my treasure,
La, la, la!
Thou wilt feel it monitory,
In the height of Fashion's glory,
'Twill be thy *Memento Mori!*
Ha, ha, ha!

—*Evening Post.*

ANA.

"ANA" are out of fashion now, and books of Table-Talk little read. Some go so far as to say that conversation itself is becoming a lost art. * * * It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the Table-Talk of the ancients. In fact, it was one of the points in which they had the advantage over us; for though they were less domestic, they were more social. The absence of printing imparted to their conversation the same superior importance which it gave to their oratory. A modern philosopher lives like a hermit, and publishes in quarto; the ancient one carried his philosophy about him and propagated it in the market-place, in shops and at suppers. The Table-Talk of an age was its wisdom. No wonder the affection of disciple for master, and there is no more beautiful relation, was so vividly felt. The whole state experienced the effect of oral teaching through all the veins of its moral being. From the lips of Socrates himself, in the sadler's shop, Euthydemus learned that he who would be fit for politics must go through an ethical training little dreamed of by dabblers in democracy.

Fond as the ancients were of conversation, it is not wonderful that they should have left books which may justly be included under the head of Table-Talk. At the head of these must be placed the "Memorabilia" of Socrates by Xenophen. "We commonly," says Pascal, "picture Plato and Aristotle in stately robes, and as personages always grave and solemn. *They were good fellows, who laughed like others with their friends;* and when they composed their laws and treatises of policy, it was done smilingly and to divert themselves. It was the least philosophic and serious part of their life. Their highest philosophy was to live simply and tranquilly." Now, it is just the charm of the "Memorabilia" that it gives us the daily existence of Socrates; his constant public activity; his incessant and irresistible dialectics in the agora, in the gymnasia, in the shop of the corset-maker, in the studio of the statuary, at the table. All that beautiful scene of human life, with its temples, its trees, its soft sky, and the hum and colour of its lively population, floats in the air about. We are in the presence of Socrates, "in his habit as he lived"—barefooted, plainly clad, invincibly reasonable and moral, and the incarnation of common sense.

A passage from Varro would alone establish the taste of the ancients in colloquial matters: "Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bed-chamber." And he goes on to say that "conversation at such times should not be about anxious nor difficult affairs, but pleasant, attractive and useful.

We have lost a good deal in Cæsar's "Apophthegms"; for his taste was fine and his knowledge great. His own conversation must have been exquisite, and some of his sallies on public occasions show us how dexterous he must have been in his repartee. The sayings of one great man never come to us with such force as when they are illuminated by the admiring comments of another, and the dicta of Cæsar are best read by the light of the torch held to them by Bacon.

"If I should enumerate divers of his speeches, as I did those of Alexander, they are truly such as Solomon noteth, when he saith, 'The words of the wise are as goads'; whereof I will only recite three, not so delectable for elegancy, but admirable for vigour and efficacy. As, first, it is reason he be thought a master of words, that could with one word appease a mutiny in his army, which was thus: The Romans, when their generals did speak to their army, did use the word 'Milites,' but when the magistrates spake to the people, they did use the word 'Quirites.' The soldiers were in tumult, and seditiously prayed to be cashiered; not that they so meant, but by expostulation thereof to draw Cæsar to other conditions; wherein he being resolute not to give way, after some silence, he began his speech, 'Ego Quirites,' which did admit them already cashiered; wherewith they were so surprised, crossed and confused, as they would not suffer him to go on in his speech, but relinquished their demands, and made it their suit to be again called by the name of 'Milites.' The second speech was thus: Cæsar did extremely affect the name of king; and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation to salute him king; whereupon, finding the cry weak and poor, he put it off thus, in a kind of jest, as if they had mistaken his surname: 'Non rex sum, sed Cæsar'; *I am not King, but Cæsar;* a speech that, if it be searched, the life and fulness of it can scarce be expressed: for, first, it was a refusal of the name, but yet not serious. Again, it did signify an infinite confidence and magnanimity, as if he presumed Cæsar was the greater title, as by his worthiness it has come to pass till this day: but chiefly it was a speech of great allurement toward his own purpose; as if the State did strive with him but for a name, whereof mean families were vested; for Rex was a surname with the Romans, as well as King is with us. The last speech which I will mention was used to Metellus: when Cæsar, after war declared, did possess himself of the city of Rome, at which time entering into the inner treasury to take the money there accumulated, Metellus, being tribune, forbade him; whereunto Cæsar said: 'That if he did not desist, he would lay him dead in the place.' And presently, taking himself up, he added, 'Young man, it is harder for me to speak than to do it.' A speech compounded of the greatest terror and greatest clemency that could proceed out of the mouth of man.

Cæsar knew at once whether a Cicero was genuine, and dismissed a spurious one with the calm contempt of a connoisseur. Wit, as we have already intimated, was one of the great orator's chief endowments. Quintilian celebrates his *urbanitas*, the word by which the ancients expressed that peculiar elegance of humour which smacks of the cultivation of a capital; which distinguished high Roman society in the days of Cicero, as it did French society in the time of Ménage, and English society in that of Chesterfield; which arrived at its perfection in Talleyrand and Louis XVIII., and still survives like other traditions in the circles of Legitimacy. But Cicero's humour was very various; nor did he abstain from coarse facetiousness, and downright puns. When he at last, after infinite irresolution, joined Pompey, they told him, sneeringly, "You come late." "How late? since I find nothing ready?" was his answer. This was *urbanitas*. When Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter, asked on the same occasion, referring to Dolabella, who had joined Cæsar's party, "Where is your son-in-law?" Cicero retorted, "With your father-in-law." This, too, was *urbanitas*. But he stooped to an "arrant clench," when, in allusion to the Oriental custom of boring the ears of slaves, he replied to the man of Eastern and servile descent, who complained he could not hear him, "Yet you have holes in your ears." This was NOT *urbanitas*. Such personalities, however, were addressed *ad populum*; and when political excitement harassed him, even Canning was coarse.

Talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of as *par excellence* "a wit" is a second rate conversationist. "He was so well drest," said somebody to Brummell, "that people would turn and look at him." "Then he was *not* well drest," replied that great master of the art. We venture to apply the doctrine to Table-Talk. It should not want wit, but it should not exceed it; the epigrams should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow. If we regret that the "Liber Jocularis" is lost, we regret still more that no regular "Ciceronia" exists, reflecting the daily conversation, grave as well as gay, of the orator; such a book as the Menagiania, or Eckerman's Gothe, or the Table-Talk of Selden and Luther.

First in time of the modern Ana, first in the rank, infinitely valuable and exquisitely curious, the Table-Talk of Luther naturally takes the place of honour. It was printed in the original German in 1566, and spread at once. A Latin selection quickly followed; an English translation appeared in 1652. It exhibits all the qualities of the class in the highest form: it admits us to his company with a letter of introduction. To the Table-Talk, more than to any other work, Europe owes the personal familiarity which it has with the Reformer, and nobody but a good man could have borne the test of this kind of revolution. Yet it is upon the reports of his conversation, according to Bayle, that most of the calumnies against Luther were originally founded. We cheerfully allow his enemies to make the most, as they have taken care to do, of his out-spoken heartiness, of his homely humour, of the peasant-like rusticity which accompanied his intense earnestness. Beyond all question, Dr. Martin was violent and coarse, and loved a glass of beer. But the more we get at his intimacy, the more we like him, for he has the charm of nature. Of the most delicate wine a man is sometimes tired; but water is eternally fresh and new, as welcome the thousandth time as the first. His adversaries seem to have gone to work with something like system. If they found him in familiar discourse with three or four persons, they called them his "pot-companions." If he laughed, they called him a profane scoffer. If he neither talked nor laughed, a dumb devil possessed him. It could not possibly be the case, in Father Garasse's opinion, that he was a man like other people, with human appetites and a human temper, and not a saint in a picture. But the struggles, the infirmities of such heroes, are the most instructive studies possible; the more you dwell on them, the more you wonder at the mighty works they performed.

The interest of Luther's Table-Talk is that it is a perfect portrait of the human and material side of one of the greatest spiritual men the world ever saw. Fancy, for that was one of his ways, Luther rebuking Satan in the style of Squire Western. It was his firm conviction "that the Evil one may be driven away by jeering, because he is a haughty spirit and cannot bear contempt." There are marvellous things in the chapter on "the Devil and his Works." For example:

"Dr. Luther said he had heard from the elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the devil, the founder having been born of a succubus."

The men of that age lived in an element of reverent wonder, which sometimes took such shapes as this. In Luther's case, too, there was a liability to hypochondria, and he had spiritual and physical fits of depression which it is impossible to contemplate without awe. "The sour sweat has drizzled from me," he says. But what a light of faith and hope, strangely tinged, too, by his essential humour, shone through those clouds! "Thou art a great sinner," said he. I replied, "Canst thou not tell me something new, Satan?" . . . "The devil often casts this into my breast: How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous? I gave him this answer: Avoid, Satan; address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it, for the doctrine is not mine, but his."

The domestic and social aspects of Luther, as the Table-Talk shows them, complete the picture, and we see him in the ruddy light of his fire a cheerful, solid, kindly humorous man. "The hair is the finest ornament women have. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight. What defects women have we must check them for, in private, by word of mouth, for woman is a frail vessel." The Doctor then turned round and said, "Let us talk of something else!" With what reality the scene rises before us! Then we all know how he loved and valued music; society he valued equally. "I have myself found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone." He was fond of children's prattle, and his sorrow for the death of his little daughter Magdalen is most affecting. All these traits, no doubts, might have been narrated to us by a biographer; but what art could have made them so winning and so real as they appear in the Table-Talk?

We should show little regard for the dignity of the Reformer if we inquired what "conversational talent" he possessed, or affected to lay stress upon the purely literary side of this book. He talked perfectly simply and openly, and even vehemently and passionately; he was intent on far higher objects than colloquial success; and we cannot, moreover, be sure of the perfect discretion and competency of the recorders. Nevertheless we venture to think that his Table-Talk gives a fair specimen of the force of his intellect, as it unquestionably represents the tone of his character. A picturesque power of illustration is one of its qualities:

"Luther, taking up a caterpillar, said, 'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colours in its changing hue."

"Luther was one day being shaved, and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas; he said to the latter: Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing whilst we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly."

"When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away."

"When I lay sucking at my mother's breasts, I had no notion how I should afterwards eat, drink or live. Even so we on earth have no idea what the life to come will be."

"A comet is a star that runs, not being fixed like a planet, but a bastard among planets. It is a haughty and proud star, engrossing the whole element, and carrying itself on as if it were there alone. 'Tis of the nature of heretics, who also will be singular, and alone, bragging and boasting above others, and thinking they are the only people endowed with understanding."

These are, to borrow a figure from a well-known mediæval art, illuminated thoughts. To call the faculty a mere talent for illustration would be to speak coldly and inadequately. He coloured his conceptions with these various hues, because he had a heart which felt sympathy with all created beauty, and which indissolubly associated moral with human and physical truths.

FATHER MATHEW.

THE departure of a great and good man from among us, and the loss of one whose charity and good deeds were of more than European reputation, seem to call for a more extended notice than that which has appeared in our columns. The history of "Father Mathew" is strange and striking, and almost partakes of the character of romance. Theobald Mathew descended from a very ancient Welsh family, whose pedigree is carried in the records of the principality to Gwaythooed, King of Cardigan, in direct descent from whom was Sir David Mathew, standard-bearer to Edward IV., whose monument is to be seen in the cathedral of Llandaff. Edmund Mathew, his descendant in the sixth generation, high sheriff of Glamorgan in 1592, had two sons, who went to Ireland in the reign of James I. The elder son, George, married Lady Thurles, mother of "the great" Duke of Ormonde. From him was descended Francis Mathew, of Annfield, a gentleman of large estates, who was eventually raised to the peerage as Earl of Llandaff. Though at his death in 1806 his estates are said to have amounted to £40,000 a year, they were greatly encumbered by his successor, on whose death, in 1833, they devolved upon his only surviving sister, the late Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who, at her death, in 1842, bequeathed them to a French nobleman in no way related to her—the Viscount de Chabot—leaving her own near relative unprovided for, and, singularly enough, appointing him executor to the very will by which she stripped her family of their ancestral property. Mr. Mathew very naturally declined to act, and the magnificent estates of the house of Llandaff have passed into the hands of strangers. We believe that Theobald Mathew, son of James Mathew, of Thomastown, County Tipperary, was born at that place on the 10th of October, 1790. His grandmother was niece of the celebrated General Mathew, of whom honourable mention is made by Sheridan in his "Life of Swift."

Having lost his parents at an early age, Theobald Mathew was adopted by his distant relative, the Lady Elizabeth Mathew, mentioned above, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Dennis O'Donnell, parish priest of Tallagh, County Waterford. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, whence he was removed, in his twentieth year, to Maynooth to pursue his clerical studies, having shown signs of a clerical vocation On Easter Sunday, 1814, he was ordained in Dublin by the late Archbishop Murray. After some time he returned to Kilkenny with the intention of joining the mission of two Capuchin friars there; but before long he removed to Cork. By a rescript from the late Pope Gregory XVI. he received the degree of doctor in divinity, together with a dispensation allowing him to possess property. From the moment of entering upon his missionary duties at Cork he began to show the sterling worth of his character. Ever diligent in his work of the pulpit, the confessional, and the sick man's bed-side, he devoted all his spare time, not to violent agitation like Dr. Cahill and other ecclesiastical firebrands, but to the temporal and spiritual wants of the poor, to whom he acted as counsellor, friend, treasurer, and executor. By the force of his well-known character as a genuine Christian patriot, even before the commencement of the temperance movement in the south of Ireland, Father Mathew had risen to the highest estimation among his people. The affability of his manners, his readiness to listen to every grief and care, and, if possible, to remove it—the pure and self-sacrificing spirit of his entire career—were eminently qualified to seize upon the quick, warm impulses of the Irish heart, and to make his word law. Some twenty years ago there was no country in which the vice of intoxication had spread more devastation than in Ireland. All efforts to restrain it were in vain. The late Sir Michael O'Loghlen's act for the suppression of drunkenness was a dead letter; many even of the wise and good deemed it hopeless and incurable, and it was said that the Irish would abandon their nature before they abandoned their whiskey. There were those who thought otherwise. Some members of the Society of Friends, and a few other individuals, at Cork, had bound themselves into an association for the suppression of drunkenness, but found that they were unable to make head against the torrent. In their despair these gentlemen, though Protestants, applied to Father Mathew; one of them, more bold and energetic than the others, is said to have exclaimed, "Mr. Mathew, you have now got a mission worthy of yourself; do not reject it." Father Mathew responded to the call; with what success ultimately we suppose that our readers are all well aware. The work, however, was not the work of a day. For a year and a half he toiled and laboured against the deep-rooted degradation of the "Boys" of Cork, the ridicule and detraction of many doubtful friends, and the discountenance of many others from whom he had expected support. He held his regular meetings twice a week in the Horse Bazaar. At length he had the satisfaction of seeing the mighty mass of obdurate indifference begin to move. He continued to apply the lever, and the motion increased; some of the most obdurate drunkards in Cork enrolled their names in his "Total Abstinence Association." His fame began to travel along the banks of the Shannon. First, the men of Kilrush came in to be received, then some hundreds from Kerry and Limerick; until, early in the moth of August, 1839, the movement burst out into one universal flame. The first great outbreak was at Limerick, where Father Mathew had engaged to preach at the request of the bishop; and the mayor of which city declared that within ten months no less than one hundred and fifty inquests had been held in the county, one-half of which were on persons whose deaths had been occasioned by intoxication. As soon as the country people heard that Father Mathew was in Limerick they rushed into the city by thousands. So great was the crush, that though no violence was used, the iron railings which surrounded the residence of "the Apostle of Temperance" were tore down, and some scores of people precipitated in the Shannon. It is said that some of the Scots Greys, who attended to keep order in the streets, were actually lifted from the ground; and so densely were the people thronged, that several, in their eagerness to touch the hem of Father Mathew's garment ran quietly along the heads and shoulders of the vast crowd. At Parsontown order was only restored by a body of the Rifles, with their bayonets fixed and pointed, so as to form a barrier to the rushing multitudes in front of the chapel in which, in strong contrast to the striking scene without, sat the mild and unassuming man who had collected this display of numerical force, and had marshalled this peaceful army.

We have not the time or the space to follow Father Mathew in his temperance progresses. Some idea of their results may be formed when we state that at Nenagh 20,000 persons are said to have taken the pledge in one day; 100,000 at Galway in two days; in Loughrea, 80,000 in two days; between that and Portumna, from 180,000 to 200,000; and in Dublin, about 70,000 during five days. There are few towns in Ireland which Father Mathew did not visit with like success. In 1844, he visited Liverpool, Manchester and London; and the enthusiasm with which he was received there and in other English cities testified equally to the need and to the progress of the remedy. It only remains to add, that in Father Mathew the ecclesiastic was completely absorbed in the Christian, the man of good-will towards all his fellow-men. To him the Protestant and the Catholic were of equal value. Again, no man ever displayed a more disinterested zeal. He spent upon the poor all that he had of his own, and reduced to bankruptcy his brother, a distiller in the south of Ireland, whose death followed shortly upon the losses resulting from the "temperance" crusade. Yet this man, and other branches of the family, though extensively connected with the wine and spirit trade, not only bore their losses without a murmur, but even supplied Father Mathew with large sums of money for the prosecution of his work. A few years since, her majesty was pleased to settle upon Father Mathew an annuity of £300, in recognition of the services which he had rendered to the cause of morality and order; but even this, we understand, was almost entirely absorbed in heavy payments on policies of insurance upon his life, which he was bound to keep up to secure his creditors, and further collections were made on his behalf about four years since. The personal appearance of Father Mathew was most remarkable.

EYE-SALVE.

OH, foolish critic and unwise,
Did you but know your Saviour,
You'd surely see with other eyes,
And change your whole behaviour.
He talked of grass, and wind, and rain,
And fig trees and fair weather,
And made it his delight to bring
Heaven and the earth together.

He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
The sparrow and the raven,
And words so natural yet so wise,
Were on men's heart's engraven;
And yeast, and bread, and flax, and cloth,
And eggs, and fish, and candles,
See how the whole familiar world,
He most divinely handles.

They called him "fellow" and "this man,"
"Deceiver," and "a devil";
I'm sorry that you've learned their plan,
And fall'n to their level.
They trod his pearls beneath their feet
The doctors were the swine;
But though their folly you repeat,
His wisdom shall be mine.

—*Songs Controversial* (*London*).

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Jasmin, the barber poet, has been presented by the town of Ayen, his native place, with a gold vase ornamented with fruits in silver, and bearing the inscription "Ayen to Jasmin."

—At a recent sale in London, of the late Mr. Yarrell's specimens of natural history, the most remarkable purchase was that of an egg for £21—the egg of the Great Auk, a bird of the diver tribe included in the British Fauna, but long since extinct.

—ENGLISH CRIMINAL LAW IN 1646.—At Henley upon Thames, a woman, speaking against the taxation imposed by Parliament, was by the Committee then ordered "to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the highway side, on a market day"; which was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her fault, fixed to her back.—*Clarendon's Papers.*

—JENNY LIND AND LABLACHE.—On the occasion of this charming singer's second rehearsal at the opera house, the celebrated Lablache was so delighted with her singing that he came up to her, and said enthusiastically: "Give me your hand; every note in your voice is a pearl." "Give me your hat," was the reply; and then, putting it to her mouth, and giving one of her incomparable *roulades*, said: "Here is a hatful of pearls for you!"

—THE 100TH PSALM.—The long disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the Old Hundredth has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1759. But in the Cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the Old Hundredth, exactly as it is now sung, so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it has been attributed.

—THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Newall, of Gateshead, Eng., is engaged to make one-half of the Atlantic telegraph; Messrs. Kuper & Co., of London, the other half. The *Gateshead Observer* says: "It may assist the reader to a fair conception of the immensity of the task, to state that Mr. Newall will have to twist strands of wire as an outer protection of the electric line itself 25,000 miles in length, or long enough to go around the whole earth, and leave sufficient room for Archimedes to swing it round his head with if he had but that standing point which he coveted for his experiments."

—A volume which appears to have once belonged to Bothwell, the paramour and husband of Mary Queen of Scots, turned up in a sale lately at Edinburgh. It is a copy of a mathematical work, printed at Paris in 1538—"L'Arithmétique et Géométrie de Maistre Estienne de la Roche." The book is in the original binding, and has the sides stamped with a well-cut die, showing the arms of Bothwell, with the motto "Kiip Trest,"—that is, "Keep Trust,"—and the inscription, "Iacobvs Hepbvrn Comes Bothv. D. Hailles Crichtonæ et Liddes. et Magn. Admiral. Scotiæ." It is supposed that the binding was executed in France, as the workmanship is very superior, and the armorial bearings beautifully cut and designed. "We believe," says the *Scotsman*, "there is only another volume known to exist of the famous Earl's once Magnificent library, and that is in possession of the Faculty of Advocates." The volume was knocked down for thirteen guineas.

—Among purely literary works is announced as soon to appear a romance by Victor Hugo entitled "The Miserable." This work was composed more than twenty years since, and was to succeed the "Notre Dame de Paris," but by a lion's clause of his contract with Victor Hugo, the editor Renduel had stipulated that the first romance of the great writer should belong to him upon the same conditions as Notre Dame de Paris. The great success of that work inspired Victor Hugo with more exacting